21,400 PRIZES AWARDED

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

£1,000 Free Insurance

"When the Spring comes around," murmured Jack, "Young man's thoughts to love lightly go!"
Then a sweet maid he spied,
And stepped up to her side

See first page inside.

No. 921.] Postage One Penny. Registered for transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING MARCH 12, 1908. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

What people say about

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

"Shall be lord of the feast."

Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN

GUARANTEED SECURE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of Pearson's Weekly, 12/3/1908. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN BRUSSELS CARPETS

BRUSSELS CARPETS

Suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in six different patterns of fashionable self-shades, of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we do supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall also GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10/6, carriage paid Berkeley Square. The Directors of Selfridge would thank the British Carpet Co. to send him another Carpet similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is quite satisfactory."

Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs Quilts, Table Linen, Blankets, Ornaments, Curtains, Bed Posts (if when writing you mention "Pearson's Weekly," 12/3/08. Address—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers & Merchants, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

THE ONE WORD

"DUNLOP"

MEANS EVERYTHING BEST IN TYRES.

Ask a user.

BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL

Real Devonshire Cream (clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids. ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lb., 4s. 4d., free. Supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. Conyers, Bridestowe, S.O. Devonshire.

The Housewife's Friend.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need.

SIX USEFUL TRIAL SAMPLES, POST FREE, 6d.

"VASELINE" is the King of all sweet preparations for healing, it is unequaled yet. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "VASELINE." The "VASELINE" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions, preserving the hair and providing a lasting cure healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatisms and Neuralgia there is no "Vaseline" preparation for all these and much more—for details see booklet.

SAMPLE BOXES CONTAIN SIX ARTICLES:—1 Tube White "Vaseline," 1 Tube Carbolated "Vaseline," 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline," 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline," 1 Tin "Vaseline" Gold Cream, 1 Pkt. "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

Send 6d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the—

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline," 42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

And one will be forwarded post free.

JU-VIS

You simply drop a 1d. tablet of Ju-Vis into a breakfast cup of boiling water to make a most wholesome, delicious

BEEF TEA

improved by valuable vegetable additions. Tablets sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes.

Fluid Ju-Vis is preferred by many for its delicate flavour. It is far cheaper than the usual Fluid Extracts.

2-oz. bottle, 6½d.; 4-oz. 11½d.; 8-oz. 1/9.

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD

AG

BEST & PUREST.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

HAVE YOU A COLD? DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling, or Post free 14 Stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading. N.B.—Refuse Worthless Imitations.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

1/6 PERMANENT GOLDECTA CHAIN 1/6

STERLING SILVER WATCH FREE

This Solid Silver Watch, in English Hall-marked cases, richly engraved, with all the latest improvements, a reliable Timekeeper, and warranted for five years, is sent free to one of the [illegible] ... [illegible] We are giving these away to any person who will introduce our goods among their friends. Don't delay, send your order at once with Postal Order for 1s. and 3 penny stamps for postage, for our fine Keyless [illegible] Goldecta Chain. Every chain [illegible] full length and warranted to wear Ten years. State whether Lady's or Gent's required. Gents may have the choice of Single or Double Albert in Curb or Dog Link pattern. Remember, free present is sent with each chain. Post your order to-day before all the watches are given away.—(Dept. 50), NORTH EASTERN MANUFACTURING CO., 100 MORLEY STREET, BRADFORD.

"HAPPY HOME SEEDS" CONTEST.

GENUINE & PERFECTLY SIMPLE.

Who are the Three Most Popular and Prominent Men in the United Kingdom?

Lord Roberts. Lord Beresford.

£1,200 CASH.

NO ENTRANCE FEE!!!

Everyone Stands an Equal Chance.

£10,000 FREE GIFTS

[illegible]

SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

Harry Lauder.

[illegible] Prizes, such as Lady's or Gent's size Watches, [illegible] Umbrellas, Cricket Bats, [illegible] All you have to do is to send us your full name and address, and we will send you, per return of post, 36 Packets of assorted Seeds: Sweet Peas, Chrysanthemum, Mignonette, Sweet William, White [illegible] Pea, etc., etc., or Beans, [illegible] Radish, [illegible] Scarlet Runner Beans, Vegetable [illegible] ... [illegible] ... state whether flower or vegetable seeds are required.

WITH THE SEEDS YOU WILL RECEIVE FULL PARTICULARS OF OUR POPULAR AND PROMINENT MEN CONTEST.

Write at once (Postcard will do) to

GEROME & Co. LTD.

(Dept. P.W.), 85-87 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE SEEKER AFTER HEALTH

is always glad to hear of a medicine that has been frequently tried in complaints similar to those from which he may be suffering, and that has proved uniformly successful. Such a remedy is BEECHAM'S PILLS. For half a century they have been doing incalculable good, and all who suffer from troubles traceable to disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, or Kidneys

SHOULD TAKE

these pills. They are a skilful combination of valuable vegetable extracts in precise proportions—and act naturally and gently on the organs at fault, even a few doses showing most marked results. Those who desire a sound digestion and active liver, steady nerves, pure blood, buoyant and good spirits, should not delay a single day, but at once provide themselves with, and begin a course of,

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.

E. B. NORTON, 59 and 60 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Over thirty years' continuous success.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS — Bordered. Children's [illegible] Ladies' [illegible] Gents' [illegible] Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS — Collars, Gentlemen's four-fold, from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz. [illegible] Shirts, with 4-fold Fronts and [illegible] fine Longcloth, 35/6 per ½ doz. [illegible] "Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—Myra's Journal.

N.B.—All Letter Orders & inquiries for Samples should be sent to 38w Donegall Place, Belfast.

5/- MONTHLY. 12 YEARS GUARANTEE.

[illegible] Cycle on terms [illegible] to suit yourself. [illegible] HUMBER, [illegible] SWIFT, ROVER, [illegible] TRIUMPH, [illegible] CHALLENGE and [illegible] Cycles at pounds below [illegible] and local Agents' prices. RUDGE-WHITWORTHS from £3 10s. cash. A High-Grade Coventry-made Cycle £3 12s. cash or for 5/- monthly. Sent on approval. Prompt Delivery. Write for Lists TO-DAY.

O'Brien's. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER. (DEPT 131) COVENTRY.

BOON TO MEN.

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free.

JAS. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

It will repay you to send a postcard for H. SAMUEL'S famous money-saving

FREE ALBUM OF WATCHES & JEWELLERY

—an invaluable help to the profitable use of money.

THOUSANDS HAVE SAVED POUNDS THROUGH THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

[illegible] your [illegible] like- [illegible] through the [illegible] and [illegible] by the saving of middlemen's profits.

6,000 Bargains AT FACTORY PRICES DIRECT!

6/6 SOLID [illegible] Set with Pearls & [illegible] Ruby.

SOLID SILVER WATCHES, GOLD LADIES' GUARDS, DINNER CRUETS 4/6, &c.

The "ACME" Silver Lever 25/- with Free Gift of Silver Albert. A customer writes: "Could not be better if it cost £15."

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL is allowed, and there is a [illegible] choice of FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS.

Writing [illegible] the [illegible] implies [illegible] obligation to purchase, therefore WRITE NOW.

H. SAMUEL, 87, Market St., MANCHESTER.

KEATING'S

TINS 1/1½

LOZENGES

CURE THE WORST COUGH

---

48 PAGES

crammed with interesting and useful reading. That is what you get every week in

WOMAN'S LIFE.

With this week's issue (on sale March 9) is

GIVEN FREE A Paper Pattern of this little boy's tunic. Get this useful pattern.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 1D.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years.).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc.; and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

CONJURING SECRETS.—List 1d.—Breslin House, North Finchley, London.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdme. Zetella, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

50 PACKETS prize Seeds, Flower or Vegetable. Post free, 1/-.—Suttons Ltd., Romford Road, E.

CHINA, CHINA, CHINA.
Direct from our kilns to your kitchen. Dainty, delicate, delightful decorations in useful styles. We manufacture, therefore there are no middle profits to pay. Special line, Dinner, Tea, Breakfast, Toilet Sets, and 12 Kitchen Articles for 21/-. 105 pieces altogether. Badged ware for churches and hotels. Present packages a speciality. Your money returned if not satisfied. Catalogue free.—Royal Crown Pottery (Dept. 8), Tunstall, Staffs.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

HAND DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—A delicate and artistic reproduction 15in. by 11in., all hand work guaranteed. In Crayon, 10/6; in Sepia, 15/6; in Pastel, 21/-. Send photo and postal order, according to style chosen, to Edwin Masters, 26 Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W. Full particulars of paintings in oils (from £4 4s.) on application.

LADIES, the Sylvestyre Compressed Tablets, the best remedy discovered. They never fail to give relief. Specially prepared to suit the female constitution. They do not contain pennyroyal, bitter apple, or similar useless preparations. SUFFER NO LONGER. Sent in plain wrapper, post free, 1/3, extra strong 4/6.—Sylvestyre Co. (Dept. 6), Exchange Parade, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

SMALL GARDENS.—Gardening is a fascinating hobby, and many useful hints will be found in "Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them," by V. P. Biddle. It may be had for 1/2, post free, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1,000 FOREIGN STAMPS, including Colonials, African, Russian, &c., splendid bargain, 1/1.—E. Ayers, McKenzie Road, Cambridge.

STRENGTH: How Lost: How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 42 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

MAKE MONEY selling Remnants, Prints, Stuffs, Muslins, etc., by weight; easily learnt; send for guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, Victoria Bridge, Salford, Manchester.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 2d., post free.—H. Hinks, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

YOU can earn 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply U., 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

STAFFORDSHIRE CROCKERY direct.—4 splendid sets, packed free and carriage paid, for 21/-. Catalogue free. Every kind of dainty pottery.—Teapot Manfg. Co. (X), Hanley, Staffs.

CHOICE CHINA DIRECT.—We have for years satisfactorily supplied readers of Pearson's Weekly at Wholesale Prices. Better value cannot be obtained. Famous Century Golden Pageant, four decorated services, Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, Toilet, packed complete, 21/-. Single Services from 6/-. Householder's Catalogue free, showing everything in China and Crockery. Compare our Catalogue, testimonials, etc., with others. Badged Services and Bazaar Packages for Churches.—Century Pottery Coy., Dept. E, Burslem, Staffs.

£3 PER WEEK earned by advertisement writers. Many excellent positions. Prospectus post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. X), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT.
Respectable men in regular employment, desirous of increasing their income, should apply for particulars of a first-class spare-time agency, by which they can supply Clothing, Boots, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Household Requisites, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, &c., for Cash or Credit. FAVOURABLE TERMS TO AGENT & CUSTOMER.—John Myers & Co., Ltd., Box 13, 160 Westminster Bridge Road, London. Established 100 years.

FREE TO STAMP COLLECTORS.—100 picked specimens, send 1d. postage. Mention gift 480.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

TWEEDS.—Suit Lengths from 10/6, 12/6, 15/-, 17/6 upwards, splendid value, large selection. Patterns post free.—Standard Tweed Coy., 3 Montrose Street, Glasgow.

LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their success. Prices 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. Sample two stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Gale Arcade, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with Gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Price post free, in plain wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity) 2/9. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 143 Stockwell Road, London.

LETTER-WRITING.—Those who want instruction in letter-writing, from applications for a situation to love letters or on any business or private matters, should obtain "How Shall I Word It?" by G. R. M. Devereux. Send 1/2 to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., London, W.C.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, Changes, etc., accurately foretold. Send birth date, 1/-, & stamped envelope.—Mdme. Vernon, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. F. Powell Remedy Co., Reighingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.—Wrench's famous 1d. British View Post-cards. 100 different (2/4 value), post free, 1/6.—Pain, 110B, Premier House, Hastings.

BICYCLES £3 5s. 0d. CASH, or 10/- with order and 10/- per month. High-grade frame, and splendidly finished (gold and black lined), two brakes (inverted or roller lever), full free wheel, first grade tyres, plated rims. Complete with pump, spanners, oil-can, repair outfit, fine plated lamp and bell. Packed in crate (free), carriage paid. Ten days' approval. Four years' guarantee. Write for photo, full specifications, and 32-page book of testimonials to the actual manufacturer, George Beeson, "Lion" Works, [illegible] Street, Birmingham. No agents. Direct from factory only.

COSTUME CLOTHS, 8½d. yard, in Habits, Tweeds, or Tartans. Dress and Blouse Materials, from 5½d. yard. Any length cut. Carriage paid. Patterns free.—Watson & Co., Manufacturers (Dept. 30), Castle Blaney Mills, Bradford. Agents wanted.

ROSES.—Full instructions for the cultivation and care of Roses in order to grow them to the best advantage may be found in "Roses, and How to Grow Them," by Violet Biddle, price 1/2, post free, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 921. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 12, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

£71,000

DIVIDED BY 21,400 COMPETITORS.

40 winners have each received over £200.
150 winners have each received over £150.
230 winners have each received over £100.

OTHERS HAVE WON, WHY NOT YOU?

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 39.

EACH week finds *Pearson's* publishing a fresh Limerick record. This week it gives us pleasure to announce that the grand total distributed by us in these contests is now almost **£71,000**, and that the number of recipients of our awards is now **21,400**. These figures easily exceed those of any other paper.

Competition No. 39 has also provided ample proof of the popularity of Limericks amongst our readers. The amount distributed this week is **£968**. The senders of the ten lines, selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original, divide **£484**, so that **£48 8s.** is awarded to each winning line. The remaining half of the amount available is distributed in consolation gifts amongst other competitors whose efforts show merit, but who have not succeeded in gaining one of the large awards.

Competitors are reminded of the arrangement by which *The Big Budget* also publishes details of our contests. Those who are unable to obtain another copy of *Pearson's Weekly* may secure an entry form by purchasing the current number of *The Big Budget*.

The unfinished Limerick was as follows:

Fair Emily tripped down the street
With her brownpaper parcel so neat
But it burst open wide,
And everyone spied

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

Nothing much, for she swept up the street.
W. HUTCHINSON, 118 Humberstone Road, Leicester.

Her "quick lunch" and her quicker retreat.
T. W. MEADLEY, 28 Elfindale Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

That she looked just as "small" as her feet.
F. GIBSON, 30 Belle Vue Crescent, Clifton, Bristol.

That the curate had broad Churchman's feet.
B. D. KIMBERLEY, 36 Hill Street, Peckham, S.E.

—Em'ly wires, "Please leave verse incomplete!"
A. M. WATT, 4 Firpark Terrace, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

Why "the faces she made" looked so sweet.
A. HUXTABLE, Royal and Fortescue Hotel, Barnstaple, Devon.

Tragic scene! "Ham let" down in the street.
G. F. WILKINS, 5 Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.

Her late mistress's spoons all complete.
G. E. BROOKE, Bayfield, Bathwick, Bath.

—Like King John, she'd "the Wash" at her feet.
Prize divided by:
MISS E. TABRUM, Dunsona, Derryvolgie, Belfast; and J. ATKINSON, Shotley House, Grange Road, West Hartlepool.

Velvet snares for our new curate's feet.
J. ALISON, 8 Dunn Street, Paisley, N.B.

8 CONSOLATION GIFTS OF £10 EACH.

BILLINGHAM, J., Usk, Newport, Mon.
DURNFORD, H., 39 Naish's St., Frome, Somerset.
GOLDING, D. M., 29 Pier Rd., Rosherville, Kent.
RANDALL, A. H., 5 Cork Street, West.
REECE, V., 3 Lancashire Rd., County Grounds, Bristol.
SCOTT, S. P., Chapel Lodge, Killerton, Exeter.
WILLIAMS, A. C., Portland Ho., St. Clears, S. Wales.
WILLIAMSON, PTE. J., 91st Highlanders, Chatham.

He stepped up to her side.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence**, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Joe" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, March 12th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

All the money received (less ten per cent.) will be divided amongst the senders of the lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 42 must be made on or before Tuesday, March 31st.

The winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM. **LIMERICK No. 42.**

"When the Spring comes around," murmured Joe,
"Young men's thoughts to love lightly go."
Then a sweet maid he spied,
And stepped up to her side

_____

_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

See Page Three of Cover for

LIST OF 404 RECIPIENTS OF £1 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

To publish the full name and address of each competitor would occupy too much space. We therefore print only the name and initials of each person, together with the name of the town. Should any reader wish to know the full address of any one recipient, it will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamp.

Some Generals I Have Known

Funny Stories of Famous Soldiers.

By "CHINSTRAP."

ONE'S first general, like one's first love or one's first cigar, is apt to leave a lasting impression on the mind, and certainly I shall never forget my first G.O.C.—General Sir Charles Tucker, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. Hero of many a hard-fought field, and possessed of a most ebullient personality, General Tucker was noted (he is still, happily, with us, although retired) throughout the service for the strength and breadth of his language.

Unlike some men, who quite unconsciously garnish their speech with many-coloured expletives, General Tucker was well aware of his peculiarity.

Whilst I was serving under Sir Charles, the "pow-wow" system was introduced, that is, G.O.C.'s were instructed at the conclusion of any field day *under their command to deliver* a short, critical lecture on the operations. This order was a sore trial to the general, who hated speechifying of any kind—except of his own volcanic sort.

However, it had to be done, and on the approach of the next field-day he called in his garrison adjutant, and instructed him to take down any remarks he might make to the troops at the conclusion of operations. The field-day was held, and next morning the general summoned the G.A., and said. "Now, Mr. Brown, did you take down my remarks to the troops yesterday?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Brown. "Ah," said the general, "what was the first remark I made?" "Your first remark, sir," said Mr. Brown, carefully consulting his notebook, "was, 'As usual, six blankety-blank umpires, and not one of 'em a blankety-blank bit of use!'"

RED HOT LANGUAGE.

The best story of General Tucker, however, is perhaps that of an encounter between him and Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the famous war correspondent, during the Boer war. The general happened to come upon the war correspondent prowling about with a camera slung round his neck.

"Hullo, Burleigh," said the general genially, "what the blank, blank is that blankety-blank blanked thing you've got round your blanked, blankety-blank neck?"

"Well, general," said Mr. Burleigh, "I'm sorry to say it's only a camera. For, if I'd known I was going to meet you, I'd have brought a phonograph."

Another general I knew—once met never forgotten—was General Sir William Gordon Cameron, K.C.B. His "District Standing Orders" were characteristic of the man and his methods, for they opened with the following awful sentence, printed in letters of fire—that is, red ink: "The G.O.C.'s inspection lasts from January 1st to December 31st, *inclusive*." And it did. None of the ordinary three days' annual inspection for him. His inspection lasted the year round, and was never finished.

Unlike General Tucker, Sir William Cameron delighted in "pow-wows," and not only would he himself deliver an exhaustive lecture on the operations, but he would call out every officer and N.C.O. in the regiment before him, and, in his great, booming voice, put to each the same question, viz., "Well, and what did you observe?"

It was no use saying you had not observed anything—to do so merely provoked caustic inquiry as to whether your eyes had not yet opened. You had to say something, and the "observations" that were wrung from tortured men, who had been manœuvring for hours on the awful "flats" at Capetown, were sometimes as funny as they were unexpected.

NO EAR FOR MUSIC.

On one occasion, after an unusually terrible field-day, he called out a very fat colour-sergeant, who had suffered much, and put to him the usual question:

"Well, colour-sergeant, and what did you observe?"

"I observed, sir," gasped the harassed man, without, I believe, the least intention of being impertinent, "that it was better to ride than to walk!"

General Cameron was very keen on officers knowing the bugle-calls, and used himself to whistle them to an officer under examination. One day he had a happy-go-lucky individual on the rack. "Left wheel," whistled the general, "what's that?" "The halt, sir," said the wretched youth. "Fiddlesticks," snorted the general, and whistled the "Reinforce," which the bewildered youngster wildly identified as the "Form Square," thereby bringing down on his head much condemnation. "I am very sorry, sir," said the addled stripling, "but I've no ear for music."

General Cameron, although popularly supposed to deep with the "Infantry Drill" under his pillow, had a great contempt for the book-learned soldier. I remember, on the first field-day I had under him—I dream horribly of it to this day—he descended upon my company, which was commanded by a pompous major, who considered himself a Heaven-born tactician, although, in the opinion of most, he was unfit to command a corporal's squad of ducks.

We were a picket, and the major was making his dispositions, when up came the general, as usual, grunting—a fearsome sound to young and nervous officers.

"Gr-r-rumph, what are you doing?" The major explained. "Bosh. Go on. What next." The major stared in pained surprise, and then explained his next intention.

"Gr-r-rumph. Bosh. Go on." Drops of perspiration began to gather on the major's brow as he feverishly continued his tactical tale. "Gr-r-rumph. Bosh. Go on." But at this point the major's horse moved, and, being no great rider, he fell off on his head, whilst the general, grunting furiously, galloped off, having parenthetically recommended the budding Von Moltke to come out in a Bath-chair in the future.

But if General Cameron harried the souls of all under his command, there was no more popular leader in the service; for, whatever he might say, he was very, very slow to condemn a man *on paper*, and he was at heart the kindliest and simplest of old war-dogs. He retired some years ago, but is still hale and hearty, and takes a great interest in the Corps of Commissionaires.

It was my good fortune to see some active service under General Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.B.—"Fighting Fred," as he was known, not only for his dashing qualities as a leader, but because he was popularly supposed to have "made" the famous Bechuanaland Border Police by thrashing every man in it. Certainly, he could use his fists.

MAN TO MAN.

In the Zulu war [illegible] given command of an irregular force, and one of his [illegible] thinking he had a "haw haw" regular to deal with, deliberately refused to salute him as the general passed him in camp. "Why don't you salute me?" demanded the general. "Because I'm a better man than you are," was the insolent reply. "Indeed," said the general, "we'll soon see about that," and five minutes later the "better man" was carried senseless into his tent. And next morning the general had the offender up before him, and gave him three days' C.B. for "fighting in camp," a sentence, however, which he promptly remitted.

One of the most interesting men I ever met was the late General Digby Willoughby, a soldier of fortune, who, wrecked one time upon the coast of Madagascar, rose to be Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, and Captain-General of that island.

Subsequently, he fell out of favour, and was sentenced to death, a fate, however, he escaped, to turn up in South Africa as a peddler of ostrich feathers. A wonderful man with a wonderful imagination. I remember one day he showed me a document, and asked me to "read this." The paper was a treaty between France and Madagascar, which the general said he had arranged, and "this" was a paragraph of about two and a half lines in length—quite unimportant, at least, to my unseeing eyes. "My boy," said the general, in impressive tones, "the French offered me two and a half million sterling to delete that paragraph. And I wouldn't do it." Five minutes later he attempted to sell me a misfit pair of riding boots for 30s.

AN EASY EXAMINATION.

Amongst recent promotions is that of General Wilsone Black, to be Knight Commander of the Bath (K.C.B.), which recalls memories of Isandhlwana, for General Black it was who recovered the bodies of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, and with the colours of the 24th, which the gallant officers gave their lives to save, wrapping the colours under their tunics, and escaping from the dreadful shambles, only to be overtaken and assegaied, without, however, the Zulus discovering what were their glorious shrouds.

Sir Wilsone Black was known in the service as a "character." A man of the widest attainments and culture, he nevertheless affected the broadest of Scots in his speech, and was unconventional to a degree.

I remember returning from long leave, to arrive in the middle of General Black's annual inspection. This was bad enough; but my situation was rendered still worse by the fact that, during my absence, a new infantry drill had been brought out, with which I was totally unacquainted.

In due course, I entered the general's presence to undergo viva voce examination.

"Well, laddie," said he, "juist tell me the differ-r-rence between columns of half-battalions, and half-battalion columns!"

I remained silent.

"Ah, weel, what's the signal for r-running shor-rt o' ammunection?"

Again I was dumb.

"Hoot, toots, laddie; ye're an awfu' ignoramus, but I maun hae an answer oot o' ye some gait. Wad ye like to r-ride ma new pony this afternoon?"

That was my "examination." But perhaps I may hint that the general had a "sneaking kindness" for the scapegrace "brither Scot," who signs himself,

"CHINSTRAP."

Hints on Roller-skating

By ALBERT T. C. BRIDGE, N.S.A.

World's Professional Trick Roller-Skating Champion.

[Here is a timely article on a fascinating winter pastime by the world's greatest expert and champion, Mr. Albert T. C. Bridge, manager of the Crystal Palace Roller Skating Rinks, which under his judicious and courteous control have become very popular. Mr. Bridge is being accorded a Benefit on the evening of April 11th, when a great Gala performance will be held.]

YOU can scarcely begin roller-skating too young. Personally, I was only five when I started, and my little boy, the youngest trick-skater in the world, was no more than three when he had mastered many of his daddy's feats.

At the same time, unlike many other sports, you can learn and enjoy roller-skating at practically any age, and you can keep it up to the end of the chapter.

In roller-skating, as in most sports, everything depends on making a good beginning—that is, acquiring a correct style from the first.

I may be accused of speaking interestedly when I say that the best thing a beginner can do is to place himself in the hands of a competent instructor; but I must say it, for it is the truth.

However, everyone cannot afford to pay for tuition, and the first "tip" I have to give is not to try to do too much at first. This is the great mistake most beginners make. They get on their skates, and then try to strike out as they see expert skaters striking out, with the result that they retire in poultices and are disheartened, and, perhaps, discouraged altogether from going on.

THE SKATER'S HALL MARK.

The beginner should not strike out, or skate at all. The thing to do is to walk on the rink precisely as if you had no skates on at all. After a time, the wheels will begin to revolve, and then you will find yourself moving naturally and easily on the rollers, and you will more or less unconsciously acquire balance and the power of striking out. But at first just walk on your skates and attempt no more.

A correct attitude of body is, of course, essential to good skating. It is very easy to acquire a bad style, and very difficult to get rid of it when formed; but it is as easy to form a good style as a bad one.

The great point to remember is to keep the body erect, and, necessarily, the head up. Beginners almost always look down at their feet, and that is fatal. Keep your head and eyes up, and let your feet take care of themselves.

Grace is the hall-mark of the good skater, and grace is not a thing that can be taught by rule. Some people have it naturally, others acquire it by practice and perseverance; but one point to remember is to avoid stiffness. You want, as I say, to keep the body erect, but you don't want to look as if you had a poker down your back. The body should move easily from the hips.

Here I may say a word on a subject of particular interest to beginners—falls. So far as that goes, however, even experts are not immune from "voluntary," and beginners get most of their tumbles, not so much because they are beginners, as because, as I have explained, they try to do too much.

MIND HOW YOU FALL.

There is an art in falling. All gymnasts and footballers know that, and have it. But, for the benefit of the young skater who is not a trained athlete, I may say that the great thing to remember in falling is never to put out a hand to save yourself. Rather throw the arms up, when you feel yourself going. It will keep them out of harm's way; whereas, if you put out a hand, and come down on it, as you will do, with the whole weight of your body, you are very likely to snap a bone.

Broadly speaking, in falling, let yourself go—relax the muscles—the tendency is, to tighten them—and you are not likely to come to any serious harm.

Boots should always be worn when skating. This may seem a superfluous caution; but only the other day a young lady went on the rink at the Palace—I was engaged at the time, or I should have stopped her—in shoes, and was carried off with a sprained ankle.

At the same time, there is no need to encase your feet in very stiff boots reaching right up to the knee, as some people do. As a matter of fact, the strain on the ankles in roller-skating is not so severe as in ice-skating.

Another important point: A beginner's practice should be continuous. Crowds of people lose heart and give in through neglect of this simple rule. They make a start, and next day are naturally rather stiff and sore, and then they wait until the stiffness has worn off before trying again, when the stiffness returns. Having started, you want to come again next day, and the next day, and so on, wearing the stiffness off in skating, until the muscles have become accustomed to their new work.

Albert T. C. Bridge

Mr. Brown dashed down the street: the steps he took were very fleet.—

"BLURRED LIGHTS." NO. XVI. *Continued.*

The VENGEANCE of the INVINCIBLES

By Dick Donovan.

WHEN James Carey turned traitor and divulged information which gave the death blow to Fenianism, the Irish Invincibles made a solemn oath to kill him. He was safely housed in prison for some time, but was at last smuggled away and a passage was booked for him and his family in the name of Power, on a steamer bound for South Africa.

AN AVENGER ON THE TRACK.

CAREY and his guard reached Dartmouth safely, and he went on board the *Kinfauns Castle* on July 5th, and thankful, indeed, were his protectors when they saw her steam away, and they knew their responsibility had ended. In the same vessel there sailed as a second-class passenger Patrick O'Donnell. He had booked in his own name, and joined the ship in the London Docks; but no living soul of the crew knew that this man was the Avenger, and Carey and his family were completely ignorant of O'Donnell's mission.

In some respects O'Donnell was a remarkable man. He stood six feet in height, had a high forehead narrowing at the sides, a straight and well-shaped nose, grey eyes, and dark hair. He was a little under forty years of age. His face indicated intelligence, while the lines of the month spoke of strong will and great determination.

Soon after leaving port the Avenger began to consort with his victim; they drank together, played draughts and smoked together, and never once were Carey's suspicions aroused. As was subsequently remarked, this terrible incident of life was a fit subject for the pen of the novelist; but what novelist could preserve the reality? What reader of fiction but would reject with doubt and contempt the possibility of such a terrible picture.

Once again facts triumphed over imagination, and plunged to depths that art dare not follow.

It may here be stated that, a few weeks before the *Kinfauns Castle* sailed, a new society had been formed in London called "The Avengers," and five members of it, one of them being O'Donnell, were selected to watch the Careys, including Peter, who, it was known, had gone to Adelaide, in Australia, while another informer, named Mottley, had got away to America. He was assassinated in Philadelphia. Soon after Carey had left Dublin he was adjudicated bankrupt, and it was found that he had made away with much of his property to relatives by means of fraudulent deeds, but these were, of course, declared to be invalid.

The *Kinfauns Castle* reached Cape Town on July 27th, and there the passengers for Port Elizabeth were transferred to the *Melrose Castle*, and among them were the Carey family. O'Donnell had only booked to the Cape, thus showing that the avengers were a little out in their knowledge as to Carey's precise destination. O'Donnell was accompanied by a young woman who passed as his wife, and he lost no time in purchasing tickets for himself and her to Port Elizabeth, and they proceeded in the *Melrose Castle*.

THE ASSASSINATION.

On the evening of Tuesday, July 31st, 1883, Messrs. Donald, Currie sent the following message to the Home Secretary:

"James Carey shot dead on board the *Melrose Castle*, July 29, by a passenger named O'Donnell."

The news soon spread to the House of Commons and caused great excitement among the Irish members. It appears that on Sunday evening, the 29th, as the vessel was nearing Port Elizabeth, Carey and O'Donnell were together in the second-class saloon, when suddenly O'Donnell pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired at his victim three times. The first shot struck him in his neck, going completely through it. The second penetrated his back, and the third went through his stomach.

Carey gasped out to his wife, who was in a cabin a few yards away, attending to one of the children, "Maggie, O'Donnell has shot me." They were his last words. The woman rushed to him, and he reeled into her arms, the two falling on the deck.

The excitement was tremendous. A number of the crew rushed down and seized the assassin; but he seemed quite cool, and offered not the slightest resistance. He was immediately handcuffed, and placed in a spare cabin, where he was carefully guarded. Carey continued to breathe for fifteen minutes, but became unconscious after falling to the deck. A cabin steward, named Parish, who was present all through the dreadful scene, and became an important witness, tried to stanch the blood until the doctor came down. By that time the informer was in the throes of death.

As soon as the vessel got into port O'Donnell was arrested and Carey's body was taken on shore, where a post-mortem examination was made. The same night a telegram was sent to the Fenian Organisation in Paris, *viâ* Brindisi, and immediately transmitted to the Avengers in London, in the following terms: "James Carey has been shot. Thank God."

When the news reached Ireland, there was general rejoicing, and bonfires were lit to celebrate the event. At Limerick an effigy of Carey was paraded through the streets, and after being subjected to every form of insult and indignity, was burnt amidst curses and howls of the mob.

O'Donnell underwent a magisterial examination at Port Elizabeth, and a solicitor, on his behalf, made an application that he should be tried in the Colony; but this was rejected, for the murder had been committed on the high seas, and consequently came within the jurisdiction of the English Courts.

Surprise was expressed at the time that O'Donnell had not killed his victim before, but the explanation is simple. He had arranged to commit the murder when the ship was near the port, quite expecting that he would be tried in the Colony, where he confidently anticipated the verdict would be manslaughter. Had he waited until the ship had come to anchor in Port Elizabeth, his trial must have taken place in the Colony, in which there was very strong Irish influence, and the chances are he might have been convicted of manslaughter only. But his patience had reached its limit, and he committed the crime a little too prematurely.

As it was, the public sympathy was with him, and the authorities were so afraid that an attempt to rescue him would be made, that they placed strong guards round the prison, and drafted a large contingent of mounted police into the town.

Carey was buried with but scant ceremony, and a ribald mob followed him to his last resting-place.

PLANS FOR RESCUE.

As soon as all the depositions had been completed, the murderer was placed on board the *Athenian*, in charge of two detectives and two members of the Cape Mounted Police, and during the passage he was never left, night or day.

The vessel arrived at Madeira on September 13th. A large body of Fenians had gone there determined to rescue him, but the English Government were aware of this, and the Governor of the island, Senhor Calcada, had been notified, and requested to take every means in his power to prevent the prisoner being taken away.

His would-be rescuers had chartered a fast steamer, which, in the event of their efforts proving successful, was to convey him to America. The precautions that were taken, however, baffled them.

The Cape Police, fully accoutred and armed, guarded O'Donnell, and no boats were allowed near the ship, and no stranger allowed on board. Thus his last hope had gone. On September 17th the *Athenian* arrived in Plymouth Sound, and a strong force of detectives were waiting to receive him, and with due formality he was handed into their custody, much to the relief of the guard who had brought him from South Africa.

He was examined at Bow Street on the 18th, and remanded, pending the arrival of Mrs. Carey and her children, who were coming on by another vessel. On the 28th he was brought up for the second time, when the widow and her eldest son, Thomas Francis, aged fifteen, gave evidence.

Mrs. Carey stated that she and her husband made O'Donnell's acquaintance almost immediately after leaving Plymouth, and considered him a very agreeable companion. Her husband, who was known on board as "Mr. Power," had so altered his appearance, and taken means to disguise himself, that neither he nor she ever thought he could be identified as Carey; nor did they once suspect O'Donnell being other than a friend. Her husband possessed a revolver, which at first he carried loaded on his person, but latterly he kept it in a bag in his cabin, where it was on the day of the tragedy.

At the time the crime was committed, O'Donnell and her husband were having beer together, and she and the children were in their cabin packing up ready to go on shore. When she heard the shots she thought the noise was made by corks being drawn. On hearing her husband cry out, she rushed to him and threw her arms about his neck, and as he fell he dragged her down.

After the woman's evidence, the District Surgeon of Port Elizabeth, called to give evidence, testified to the nature of the injuries, and said that any one of the three wounds would have proved fatal. The arteries of the neck were severed, and the stomach and bowels were terribly lacerated. Insensibility ensued almost immediately, and Carey ceased to breathe in fifteen minutes after being shot.

The prisoner was committed for trial, and on October 17th the Grand Jury found a true bill against him.

The trial commenced at the Old Bailey on November 30th, 1883, before Mr. Justice Denman, and the prosecution was conducted by the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, Mr. Poland, and Mr. Wright, while the defence was in the hands of Mr. Charles Russell and Mr. Sullivan, while a General Pryor, of the American Bar, had been sent over by the Fenians, amply provided with funds, and instructions to watch the case on behalf of O'Donnell, though what they hoped to gain by that it is not easy to understand. It is true some attempt had been made to prove that O'Donnell was an American subject, and it was established that he had been in America during the Civil War, and had served in the army, but this did not avail in any way.

BRILLIANT SPEECHES.

Among the witnesses was Chief Inspector Mallon, of the Dublin Constabulary, and in his cross-examination it was elicited that he knew Carey to be one of the most infamous men who had ever lived. His whole record was a record of crime. He had shown himself to be utterly regardless of human life, but was dreadfully afraid of his own skin, and had always put his dupes in the front.

He had been a trusted agent of the Fenian organisations, and had pocketed large sums of money, which he had mainly invested in house property. As he had been adjudicated a bankrupt, however, the property had gone to his creditors. He had received portion of the reward which had been offered by the Government for information that would secure the conviction of the Phœnix Park murderers.

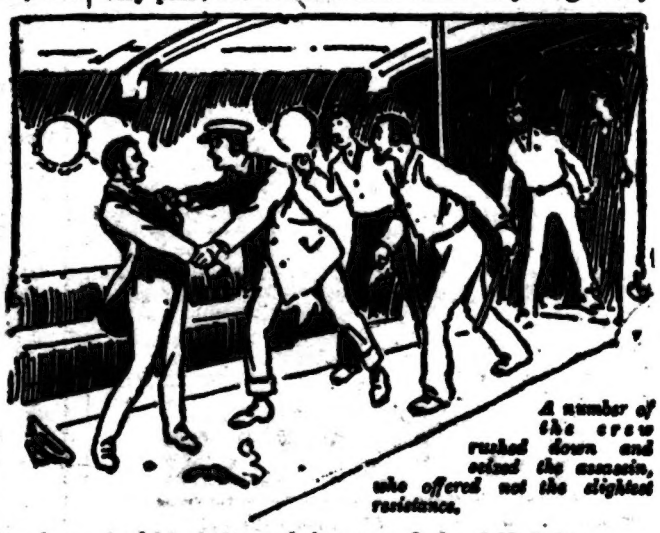
In a singularly able and brilliant speech for the defence, Mr. Charles Russell succeeded in eliciting sympathy for the prisoner from all who listened to it. When he came to speak of Carey he was particularly severe, referring to him as "the man who had to flee execrated by all, for a viler thing never assumed human form. He left the country unpardoned by his Queen, and unrepentant to his God; his hand against every man's, and every man's conscience against him."

This speech produced a great impression on the Court as well as on the jury. Even Sir Henry James for the prosecution did not spare Carey, but he urged that, infamous as the informer was, his life had to be protected, and no one could kill him with impunity. Mr. Justice Denman's summing-up was rather in favour of the prisoner, and he characterised the evidence given by Carey's son, Thomas Francis Carey, as unreliable, as the lad was evidently artful and cunning, and contradicted himself on several points.

VENGEANCE ON THE AVENGED AVENGER.

When the jury retired, O'Donnell, calm and apparently unconcerned, sat in the dock, contrary to the usual custom. The judge told him he could retire, but he said he had no wish to do so, and preferred to remain where he was. The jury were absent a long time, when at last the foreman returned and announced that they could not agree. It was evident some of them wanted to reduce the verdict to manslaughter. The judge instructed the former to go back and ask his colleagues to deliberate again. After an absence of another hour they came into Court, and the foreman announced that they found the prisoner "Guilty."

At the fatal word O'Donnell was observed to go very pale; but when asked if he had anything to say against sentence being passed, he folded his arms, and, in a clear voice free from any traces of emotion, said "No."



A number of the crew rushed down and seized the assassin, who offered not the slightest resistance.

When Mr. Justice Denman passed sentence of death he was visibly affected, and faltered two or three times. When the last solemn words were pronounced, "Be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," the warders motioned the prisoner to leave the dock; but, pushing them on one side and leaning over the dock, he asked if he could be allowed to speak. "No," answered the judge sternly.

O'Donnell was about to say something else, when half-a-dozen warders seized him, and then ensued a terrific struggle in the dock to the consternation of everyone.

The prisoner, in a frenzied tone, cried, "Three

You scarce could see him pass for dust, and all the time he cried: "I must!"——

cheers for Ireland and the United States, and to —— with Britishers and the British Crown." He was forcibly dragged away, and as soon as he was placed in his cell his passion gave way to a peculiar calm, and, during the time he was waiting for execution, he never again lost his temper.

That there was universal sympathy for him was soon made evident. The celebrated French author, Victor Hugo, through the columns of the RAPPEL, made a stirring appeal on his behalf, and he addressed a personal letter to the Queen.

In America, too, the sympathy was very great, and there is no doubt, if the Government could have seen their way to have commuted the sentence to penal servitude, it would have received the endorsement of the public approval. But the threats of the Fenians possibly prevented them from doing this, and so, on Monday, December 17th, 1883, Patrick O'Donnell, the Avenger, expiated his crime on the scaffold at Newgate.

Thousands of people assembled in the Old Bailey, and when the black flag announced that O'Donnell had passed to the Bar of the Eternal Judge, there was mingled yelling and cheering. Thus the last scene was played out, and the curtain fell on one of the most thrilling and stirring crime dramas of the century. The tragedy of Phœnix Park had taken a toll of nine lives, had cost the country an enormous sum of money, and had brought woe and sorrow and ruin to hundreds of people.

What became of Carey's widow and children I have no means of knowing; but his brother, although he managed to escape assassination, died, as I understand, a miserable death in Australia.

(Next week—"The Arsenic Fiend.")

AUNT POLLY, who had lived all her life in London, was taken by some country friends to see a meet. When the pack was brought forth, Aunt Polly asked: "What's them?"

"Those are the hounds!" was the reply.

"Them the 'ounds. Why, they're for all the world like dogs, pretty dears! And to think that the horrid fox is going to kill all that lot."

CONVICTS WHO BREAK INTO GAOLS.

THE man who, the other day, stole a bicycle from Scotland Yard has certainly little left to learn in the way of impudence. Neither, for that matter, has that other unknown thief who recently at Leman Street Police Station walked into a room there that is set apart for the use of the detectives attached to the division and made off with a couple of overcoats.

Most of these robberies are committed either out of bravado, or because the thief thinks that he is by this means "getting a bit of his own back."

For this latter reason, as he afterwards gleefully confessed, a coloured convict, on being released from one of our penal institutions one morning some time ago, returned the same night, broke into the gaol with the aid of a set of burglars' tools, and stole a quantity of things belonging to the Governor.

He then proceeded to a farm some distance away, which was in the occupation of the ex-police superintendent who had been responsible for his arrest in the first instance. Here he stole a sheep, which he killed, roasted whole in a wood near by, and partially devoured.

Another case is recorded in "The Story of Crime," published the other day by Mr. T. Werner Laurie. The chaplain at Dartmoor Prison noticed a convict staring intently at his house, and asked him the reason. "Why, sir," was the unexpected reply, "I was a-thinkin' wot a hessy 'crib' that would be for 'crack.'"

"Oh, indeed!" replied the chaplain. And he bought a gun. Some time afterwards his house was broken into, and by an ex-convict, although whether the offender was the same man who had unwittingly given the reverend gentleman such timely warning is not quite plain.

Anyhow, he got shot for his pains.

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THE LONGEST LAWSUIT ON RECORD.

A LAWSUIT that will almost certainly take rank in legal annals for all time to come as the longhiest on record, was concluded the other day at Friemar.

The parties to the dispute were the local authorities of the village in question and certain mill-owners, the immediate point at issue being the raising of a dam. Litigation commenced in 1430, and has been in progress ever since, a period of 478 years.

The next longest case of the kind lasted 444 years, and concerned the possession of a piece of land on the Riviera, which was claimed by the municipal authorities of the two towns of Lucerán and Lancongue. Proceedings were begun on November 14th, 1462, and on June 10th, 1906, the Court of Appeal at Nice finally decided the dispute by ordering the land to be equally divided.

We, in Britain, although accustomed to grumble at the law's delay, have never had any lawsuit that has been protracted to even half the length of the shorter of the two mentioned above; our longest, the first Berkeley Peerage case, lasting only 193 years.

This second Berkeley Peerage case, which, it should be explained, was quite separate and distinct from the first, although concerned with the affairs of the same noble house, occupied the courts from 1811 to 1891, a period of eighty years; while amongst other lengthy British lawsuits were the Thellusson will case, which lasted sixty-two years; the chancery suit of Mornington V. Wellesly, which occupied nearly thirty years in the hearing; and the Sturla-Freccia legitimacy case, which was before the courts for over fourteen years.

INGENIOUS FRAUDS OF FASTING MEN.

A "FASTING-MAN," who did not fast, has been pounced upon by the police in Vienna, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, together with a "watcher," who was his accomplice in defrauding the public.

The plan adopted was simple, yet very ingenious. The alleged fasting-man wore many striking coats, which he changed several times daily. Before these were introduced into the "hunger house," they were regularly offered to the spectators for examination, but none ever detected anything edible in, on, or about them, until a baby accidentally got hold of one, and commenced sucking at a button, with every sign of evident enjoyment.

This led to closer investigation, when it was discovered that chocolate, and not brown bone, as had been supposed, formed the material from which the buttons in question were made.

Similar frauds are not uncommon at these senseless exhibitions. One favourite device is to drink large draughts of water, in which a quantity of caster sugar has been previously dissolved. In this way a pound or more of nourishing food is taken into the system daily.

Another plan was made public owing to a county court case, which was heard some time back in East London. The "fasting-man" in this instance, it transpired, had been fed from outside the building, by means of a concealed tube, with real turtle soup, beef extract, chicken broth, custard, milk, cream, port wine jelly, and other similar liquid luxuries.

FIGHTING FORTS WITH PENNY STEAMBOATS.

IF the Sultan of Turkey had carried out his expressed intention of buying four of the London County Council's Thames steamers for use on the Bosphorus, it would not be the first time that boats of this class have been acquired by foreign potentates.

Some time prior to the outbreak of the Mahdi's rebellion the Khedive of Egypt purchased several of them, and placed them on the Upper Nile, in the neighbourhood of Khartoum. When Berber was captured, one was seized by the Dervishes, and remained in their possession until the final overthrow of their rule by Lord Kitchener.

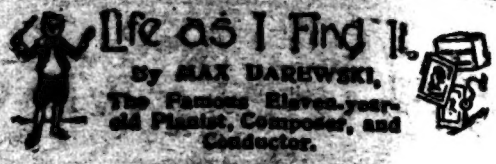
The others, however, were retained in Egyptian hands, and did good service during Wolseley's advance up the river, to the relief of Gordon. Indeed, it was by utilising one of these tiny craft, that Sir Charles Wilson and party got to within eight hundred yards of Khartoum on the day after its fall, and while the dreadful massacre that accompanied and followed that lamentable occurrence, was still in progress.

On his return, the boat was wrecked through the treachery of its Arab pilot; but Lord "Charlie" Beresford went to his assistance in another one, and succeeded in bringing him and his men away in safety.

Once, however, they were in dire straits. A shell from a Dervish battery pierced the steamer's boiler, completely disabling her.

But the engineer, nothing daunted, drew the fires, and set calmly to work to repair the damage, while the crew turned their machine guns on the fort with deadly effect.

For full half a day this strange duel between the little penny Thames steamboat, and the shore batteries, was carried on, at the end of which time her injury had been mended, and she was able to steam triumphantly away.



I ENJOY life. You bet I do. Tales are sometimes heard of what are called "infant prodigies" being overworked. But, apart from the fact that I am not an infant—I am twelve, nearly—I am not, and never have been, overworked.

Of course, I have to work hard—I practise at least three hours every day—but then I love my work, and if you do that I do not see how you can ever find your work a "weariness to the flesh."

Music comes to me as natural as to breathe. My parents tell me that, as a baby, I used to beat time with my little hands and feet when my father, who is a fine musician, used to play. Anyway, I was only four when I composed my first piece, and eight when I made my first appearance as a conductor at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth.

But, apart from music, there are many things I enjoy. For example, I am very fond of billiards, like Paderewski, who is a great friend of mine.

I remember once making a little joke about Paderewski, which those who heard it thought rather funny. Anyway, it was all my own.

IN LOVE WITH A DOZEN GIRLS.

Madame Melba, another great friend of mine, came to see me one day, and, noticing Paderewski's autographed portrait on the wall, asked me if I were fond of him. "Oh, yes, Madame," I replied, "but there are two Paderewskis I love." "Two Paderewskis," said Madame Melba, looking surprised, "nonsense! There is only one Paderewski." "But no, madame," I retorted, "there are two—Paderewski and Pa-Darewski—and I love them both."

Then, I am very fond of the girls—grown-up girls, that is, no kids for me—and I am desperately in love with at least a dozen, including Madame Patti, Madame Melba, and Miss Janotha. At the same time, I don't know that I shall ever marry. Marriage is so apt to interfere with a man's—especially an artist's—work, and my work is so much to me. Books I delight in. Shakespeare is perhaps my favourite author, but I have also a great admiration for Dickens.

Then I am by way of being a sportsman. Of course, it would not do for me to go in for cricket or football, or any game in which I might injure my hands, which, by the way, are insured for £5,000, but I delight in driving good horses, and I believe I am considered a very fair whip.

Amongst other joys of my life are the nice presents nice people give me. I have a beautiful ivory and silver *bâton* presented to me by Mr. Dan Godfrey, a gold watch and chain, sent to me as a souvenir of the time I conducted 5,000 bandsmen at the Crystal Palace, and then I have a great many portraits sent to me by great people, amongst which I especially treasure the framed and autographed photographs given me by Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

RUB SHOULDERS WITH NASTY PEOPLE.

Altogether, it will be seen that I have a "good time." Still, there are some disagreeables in my life. Chief amongst these I would place having to go to the police courts for permission to play. Some of the magistrates are very nice and have me up on the bench beside them, but others don't take any notice, and I am left to rub shoulders with all sorts of nasty people. And I don't like nasty people.

Then, it often happens that inspiration for a new composition comes just as I am in the middle of dinner, and, of course, I have to rush at once to the piano. But this, perhaps, worries my parents more than I.

Also, the long journeys I have to make on the Continent are rather trying, and I wish to goodness small kids would not expect me to play with them.

However, as I said before, I have little or nothing to grumble at, and, although Sir W. S. Gilbert, of whose works I am a great admirer, sings:

"Oh, wouldn't one's life be awfully flat,
With nothing whatever to grumble at?"

I don't find life flat at all. I find it nice, and round, and plump, like my latest sweetheart, and I enjoy every moment of it, especially when I hear people telling ridiculous stories about me.

I once overheard one lady gravely tell another that I had to be hypnotised before I could play, and that I was kept chained up for fear I should run away. How I laughed when I thought of what a ripping good time I really have. But I must be careful not to laugh too much, or I shall grow fat, and then good-bye to the girls, or rather the girls, I adore.

Max Darewski

The men and women of the town, they soon began to follow Brown,——

On the Continong.

Another Incident in Mr. Chorley's Career

Related by

Arnold Golsworthy.

"THAT's odd," said Chorley, throwing a letter across to his wife. "I've just been saying that I want a change, and now old Macpherson writes over from Paris asking me there for a day or two. I think I'll go and pay him a surprise visit."

"But how can you go to Paris by yourself, Henry?" asked Mrs. Chorley. "You can't speak French."

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that," replied Chorley. "I learnt French at school."

"But that was thirty years ago," protested Mrs. Chorley.

"Well, what of that?" said Chorley interrogatively. "I don't suppose the French language has changed very much in thirty years."

Finally, it was arranged that Chorley should start for Paris and pay his old friend Macpherson a surprise visit. Armed with a cheap week-end ticket, he set out from Charing Cross. He had never been in a foreign country before, and Mrs. Chorley was confident from what she had heard of foreigners in general that she would never see him back alive again. Consequently, Chorley was rather glad when the train moved out of the station and left Mrs. Chorley to start a fresh flood of tears on her third pocket-handkerchief.

The boat was a new experience for Chorley. The wind was blowing up rather briskly from the south-west, and, as people who have to cross to Calais very often are aware, that kind of wind usually makes the surface of the Channel extremely uneven. Chorley stood for a little while watching the holes in the water, and wondering if the boat would ever come out again when once it had fallen in, and then he tottered towards the life-buoys and made up his mind which one he would select if the worst happened.

Having no previous experience of travelling, Chorley had put on his new silk hat, which he had to hold on with one hand. This was rather a nuisance for a while, till a smarter breath of wind than usual saved him further trouble by tearing the hat from his grasp and sending it flying up the Channel.

Chorley gasped with horror at his loss. He ran up to one of the sailors and cried:

"Hi! you must lower a boat quickly. My hat's gone overboard."

The man looked at him with an amused smile. "Pity to waste time lowerin' a boat, sir," he said. "Shall I dive overboard after it?"

"Oh, very well," said Chorley, who saw that he was being "got at." "The company 'll have to buy me a new hat, that's all."

"I'll make a note of it, sir," replied the sailor respectfully as he went across the deck to explain the joke to his mate.

Explaining to the steward that he didn't want to be buried at sea.

As a matter of fact, Chorley didn't have much time to grieve over the loss of his hat. The singularly unpleasant motion of the ship was adding another sorrow to his load. He felt his brow getting hot, and he tottered across the deck and sat down. Then he thought he would be better lying down altogether. And five minutes afterwards he was explaining to the steward that he didn't want to be buried at sea, but if they would take what was left of him back to England in due course, his widow would be very grateful.

When the ship got into Calais Harbour and had ceased to rear up on its hind feet, as you might say, Chorley was pleased to find himself feeling distinctly better. He was able to take out his book of French phrases, so that by the time the Customs officer addressed him personally, he was able to reply, "Oui, oui!" quite, cheerfully, before passing on. It is true that he hadn't the faintest idea of what had been said to him, but it wasn't likely he was going to show his ignorance before a parcel of foreigners.

The officer put his question again, and Chorley replied "Oui, oui!" as before, with rather more emphasis than ever, if anything. That was why he felt so shocked when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, while his bag was gently but firmly removed from his grasp. Chorley couldn't understand it. His first idea was to go and telegraph to the Admiralty to send some of the British Navy to his assistance. Before he had quite made up his mind, however, the official addressed him in English.

"I ask you, sare, if you have any wines or cigars in your valise and you answer me, yes, yes! Is that so?"

Chorley then explained the matter; and after that he thought twice before saying "Oui" too recklessly. Still, he couldn't help airing his knowledge, slight as it was, at every opportunity. Some men are like that.

The next moment the old lady aimed a blow at him with her umbrella.

Sooner than ask a simple question that betrays a trifling ignorance, they will flounder through any amount of error. As Chorley stood on the platform, an elderly lady, with a long, resolute nose and a bulky umbrella, came up to him.

"Excuse me, sir, but I think you are English, aren't you?"

The remark rather annoyed Chorley, as he had made up his mind that he looked frightfully French. He forgot that, having lost his hat on the boat, his head was now covered with a cricket cap that no one but an Englishman would have the courage to wear. However, he swallowed the lump in his throat and said:

"Y—yes, I s'pose I am. What of it?"

"Oh," said the lady, "I wanted to ask if that's the train for Brussels. I can't speak a word of French and—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Chorley. "That's the Brussels train. Don't mention it, pray." And then he turned away for fear the old lady should put some more questions and discover the depth of his ignorance. He had no doubt she would ask someone else before deciding finally, and in a few moments he had forgotten all about the incident.

The train reached Paris punctually at a quarter to five, as the Nord trains have a habit of doing, and Chorley took a turn on the main platform just to get his bearings. All at once he heard a voice behind him crying:

"That's the man! That's him! Stop him! Hold him!"

Chorley turned round and found himself face to face with the old lady with the long nose and the bulky umbrella whom he had met at Calais. The next moment the old lady aimed a blow at him with her umbrella, and then another, and as Chorley ducked his head and cried out for help, she rained blow after blow upon him till the umbrella suddenly snapped in half. By that time a crowd of Frenchmen had come up and separated them.

"Er—garçon!" cried Chorley, addressing the nearest gentleman to him and pointing to the lady.

The gentleman explained that he was not a waiter, but his explanation was lost on Chorley, who hadn't the remotest idea of what was being said to him.

"You told me it was the Brussels train, you old reprobate," shrieked the elderly lady, shaking the remains of her umbrella at Chorley. "And here am I in Paris——"

He took the gold, and promising to be back in a moment, went out.

At this moment a gentleman forced his way through the crowd.

"Pardon," he said, "I speak the English a leetle, is it not?"

"Oh, do you?" said Chorley. "Well then have the goodness to tell her——"

"Oh, come, now," said the Frenchman jovially. "Dat ees not good for ze husban' an' wife to make quarrel in public, is it not? Why do you not kees and be friends?"

"Good heavens, man," gasped Chorley, pointing to the old lady. "You're not going to tell me that you think that that——"

"Don't you refer to me as 'that,'" shrieked the old lady.

"Oh, don't make so great a fuss," interposed the amiable Frenchman. "It is only a lovers' quarrel. What you call it, Darby an' Joan, is it not?" And as he translated the remark for the benefit of the crowd, a sympathetic guffaw broke out on the afternoon air.

"My good man," said the old lady, calming herself a little and addressing the amiable Frenchman. "You surely don't imagine that that's my husband, do you? Why, I wouldn't have him if he was given away with a pound of tea!"

The Frenchman blinked his eyes, as he found this very British metaphor too much for his limited vocabulary. So by way of pouring oil on the troubled waters, he took the lady on one arm and Chorley on the other and led them out of the crowd, and asked them to explain the situation clearly. After a long discussion, Chorley agreed to pay the old lady's fare by a through train to Brussels, and then he broke away and went outside the station where the atmosphere was less oppressive.

He had got his friend Macpherson's address, but he had not the remotest idea where the street was, or how he should get there. As he stood looking up and down, a tall man with a pointed moustache came up to him and said in English:

"Guess you're a stranger in Paris, mister."

"Yes," replied Chorley eagerly, rather glad to find someone who could talk his own language.

"Ah," continued the stranger, "I know what it is to be in a strange city for the first time. I've been there. Feel kinder lonesome, don't you? That's what makes me always feel like helpin' a brother Briton here. You come right along and have something with me."

It did not occur to Chorley till afterwards that his brother Briton had got a pretty considerable American accent. He was only too pleased to have someone to talk to. The other led the way to a gorgeous *café* and when they were seated he said:

"Have you got your money changed into French coin?"

"Good gracious, no," replied Chorley. "I never thought o' that."

"There you are," said the brother Briton. "See what a hole you'd ha' been in if I hadn't put you up to it. You've got to watch these people about that. They'll palm off all sorts o' rubbish on you—Swiss and Norwegian money, and stuff like that that's no good to anyone. See? However, if you'll leave it to me, I'll fix you all right. I'll get you some straight money."

"That's awfully good of you," said Chorley. "I might have been swindled in the first hour."

"You bet!" assented the brother Briton. "But you don't have to worry now. I'm watchin' this. How much English money have you got?"

Chorley dipped into his purse and found he had about ten pounds, and some loose silver. The brother Briton took the gold, and, promising to be back in a moment, went out—and never came back.

It was not till an hour later that Chorley realised that he had been caught in one of the easiest swindles that ever captured a greenhorn. He could get no sympathy from the *café* people nor from anyone else. And as he found at the station that there was a train just starting for Calais, he came to the conclusion that he would take it, as Paris wasn't good for his health.

(*Another Chorley adventure next week.*)

They said: "It's very strange to see. What can have come to Mr. B.?"——

Picked Pars.

Puff, my Prettiest!

The directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts have sanctioned the establishment of a smoking-room for girl students. The innovation has aroused much opposition.

Whatoo Number Please?

The subscribers to the telephone system in Peking are said now to number about 1,700, and the demand for connections is more than the administration can keep pace with. At least 100 would-be subscribers are said to be now awaiting the installation of the service.

Asked for it.

A woman doctor, who wore her hair short and was dressed in a tailor-made costume with straw sailor hat, was startled recently when the clerk of the Stratford Police Court exclaimed to her, "Take your hat off, sir." Explanations and apologies followed.

Swallowed His Tail.

Patil, a two-year old leopard in a Paris menagerie, ate a piece of his own tail the other day while he was lunching off a quarter of horse. The rest of the tail became diseased, and a veterinary surgeon was sent for to cut it off. The operation was successful, but six men were required to hold down the leopard.

Truth That Stung.

Auguste Vorel, a clown in a small show in Paris, broke off his engagement with Jeanne Leclerc, a dancer, because she called him a clown in a fit of anger.

Council's Wail.

It was announced at a recent meeting of the Cleethorpes Council that the cost of proceedings to compel the owner of a whale which stranded on the beach to remove the carcase amounted to £88. The whale realised only £14 when sold by auction.

Very Fishy.

When Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was in Budapest recently a man who was walking behind him, carrying a package, was arrested on suspicion of being an Anarchist about to throw a bomb. The package proved to contain smoked herrings.

Sure to be Crowded.

The Rev. Henry McAlvray, an evangelist, who is conducting a religious campaign in Little Falls, New York, announces that a circle will meet each Wednesday afternoon, at which all persons who have stories to tell about their neighbours and cannot refrain from uttering them, may have the opportunity to vent their ill-will under circumstances where they will do no harm.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Stopped by Gossamer!

Dr. George [illegible] stopped a runaway horse in Harlem, New York, by throwing a piece of cheesecloth gauze at its head. The animal had to stop to mend.

Would Hens Do Take.

On unpacking a case of Irish eggs, a Manchester man found a large egg on which was written: "This egg was laid January 28, and was taken from the hens by Mary [illegible], unmarried, aged twenty-three. She is willing to marry the man that eats the egg."

Fired up in Flagstone.

At Marlborough, near Doncaster, a fire occurred at the church just before the time fixed for a wedding which was to be celebrated. The fire brigade had just mastered the flames when the wedding party arrived. The ceremony was celebrated in the presence of the firemen, who afterwards resumed operations.

Railway Rats.

A traveller in the night train from Peterborough to Grimsby complained that while dozing some animal ran over his face. The next night another passenger made a similar complaint. It was then discovered that the train was infested with rats, and it has been taken off so that the carriages and brakes may be cleared of the pest.

Picture Pars.

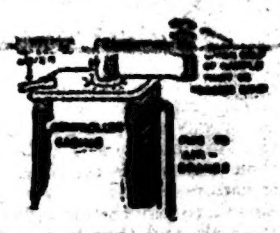
A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

P. W. ON A WALL.

If any reader of this paper were asked what P. W. stood for, he would immediately reply with a happy smile of recognition: "Why *Pearson's Weekly*, of course." There is, however, at least one case in which the magic letters bear another meaning. Should they be inscribed on a wall as in the accompanying picture, they have no connection with the best paper in Britain, but stand for the words "Party Wall." This means that the wall is the equal property of those holding the land on either side of it.

THE DEAD-MAN'S HANDLE.

Should a motorman on one of the London tube railways be suddenly attacked by illness while driving, the train would automatically come to a standstill. This is brought about by an ingenious safety device bearing the somewhat grim title at the head of the paragraph. As may be seen in the picture, the controller handle is provided with a spring top, which has to be kept pressed down all the time. Directly the knob is allowed to rise, the current is interrupted and the brakes applied. It is obvious that any faintness would cause the motorman to release his pressure, thus stopping the train.



FISHING FOR SHRUB THIEVES.

Those who have a small garden or forecourt planted with shrubs have probably found that the latter possess a fatal attraction for a certain type of thief who removes them when the shades of night have fallen.

The illustration shows an effective method of putting a stop to this form of petty larceny.

A piece of stout twine, securely fastened to two pegs driven right into the ground one on each side of the plant, should be carried round the bottom of the stem. Then three fish-hooks (the sharper the better) should be fastened about nine inches up the plant by means of a loop of bast or wire, the end of the gut being attached to the string. When the thief creeps up in the darkness, clutches the plant low down, and gives it a sharp pull, the chances are that he will run all three fish-hooks deeply and firmly into his hand.

The resultant pain, even if it does not make the thief cry out and betray himself so that capture is easy, at least teaches him that plant pulling in your particular garden is fraught with danger.

You are not likely to get more than one bite, but in all probability your shrubs in future will flourish undisturbed.

SMOKING PROHIBITED.

Amongst the many troubles which lie in wait for an unfortunate householder, smoking chimneys are by no means the least trying. The worst chimney, however, may be effectually cured of this bad habit by the use of the contrivance shown in figure 2. It consists of a small bucket, about three inches less in diameter than the top of the chimney-pot (fig 1). It is hung in position by wires as shown in figure 3, and when once placed there it will quite put a stop to the previous trouble.

COLLARS IN CABINS.

Amongst the other contents of a railway signal cabin may generally be found two or more iron rings about four inches in diameter. These are commonly called collars, and are used for locking the levers when a train is crossed from one running line to another. Suppose, for instance, a "down" train is crossed to the "up" line, the signalman places one of these collars over his "up home" signal lever. The collar prevents the signal from being released, and consequently no "up" train can be admitted until the "down" train is crossed back to its proper line and the collar removed.

P·A·R·S A·B·O·U·T F·O·O·T·B·A·L·L P·L·A·Y·E·R·S.

A Few Facts About Well-known Footballers.

D. Cunliffe (Millwall).

"Danny" Cunliffe made his great name with Portsmouth when that club first sprang into being, and for several seasons he was, perhaps, second only to Bloomer as an inside right. Indeed, so skilful and fine a player was he during 1900-1-2 and 3 that he was paid the very high compliment of being generally referred to as "the Bloomer of the South."

He was a splendid dribbler, a very clever "combination" player, and a magnificent and most deadly shot; and though he is getting into the veteran stage now, he is still a most useful forward, especially in front of the goal-posts.

Cunliffe is easily recognisable on the field by his head, which is always cropped close to the skin. He has gained one International cap—against Ireland, in 1900.

W. M'Cracken (Newcastle United).

M'Cracken's name will go down to posterity as that of a man who threw away an International cap because he wasn't promised £10 to wear it!

This occurred in connection with the recent Ireland v. England game at Belfast. M'Cracken was chosen to play for the former country, and apparently accepted the invitation.

When he reached the ground, however, he sought out the Irish F. A. officials and demanded, instead of the usual Irish £2 for Internationals, the same sum that English professionals now receive for these games—£10—before he changed. His request was politely but firmly refused; the reserve man in attendance was told he would be wanted to play, and M'Cracken had nothing left to do but to take the first boat back to England.

He is certainly a very fine full-back, a good tackler, and a safe kicker and "header," while to his natural physical attributes of strength, quickness, and looseness of limb he adds a certain Irish impulsiveness, which often stands him in good stead in a difficult situation on the field.

W. J. Shearman (Notts Forest).

Shearman, like Bonsa, of Chelsea, first achieved fame with the Shepherd's Bush club in London soccer football, and when the "Reds," as the Notts Forest team is called, secured his services as a professional, it was freely predicted that he would greatly distinguish himself in games of the highest class.

And so he did during his first two seasons with the Midland club; and if he had not been particularly unfortunate in the matter of accidents since then, it is highly probable that he would have had at least one International cap to his name to-day.

At his best, Shearman is a very clever inside right indeed, a stylish and tricky dribbler—at times almost Corinthianesque—and a forceful shot.

He has the rare distinction of having assisted his native county (Westmoreland) at both Rugby and Association.

K. R. G. Hunt (Oxford and Wolverhampton Wanderers).

Amongst the Universities have seceded from the Football Association, and now owe allegiance to the new Amateur Football Association, the former body has decided that 'Varsity men who wish to assist clubs under its sway may be allowed to do so.

By this ruling Kenneth Hunt, the dark-haired Oxford University centre-half, is permitted to assist his "home" club—Wolverhampton Wanderers—from time to time, a concession for which the Wolves and their supporters are very duly grateful.

For Mr. Hunt is a splendid half-back. Not superlatively clever, he works tremendously hard in attack and defence, the great feature of his play being the remarkably quick way in which he gets "on" an opponent. Nine times out of ten an inside man will find the ball and Hunt reach him simultaneously, which is not a pleasing state of affairs to an inside man.

Mr. Hunt is at present reading for the Church, and if he preaches as powerfully as he tackles he should go far in his calling.

G. Cooch (Northampton).

At the end of last season there was a great rush of football agents to sign on George Cooch, the Northampton goalkeeper. But, alas! that young man was nowhere to be found. He had mysteriously disappeared just before May 1st, the first legal signing-on day, dawned.

No one seemed to have any idea of where he was, or what had become of him, and paragraphs on "The Cooch Mystery" came out in most of the daily papers. This state of affairs continued for several days, and then it was suddenly reported that Cooch had been found, living perfectly openly, and probably enjoying his joke hugely, at Wellingborough, a few miles outside Northampton!

He was immediately re-signed by his old club, who have in him one of the very smartest goalkeepers in the South. Well-built, strong, and very active, he is equally clever in dealing with long or close, high or low, shots; and as he is now only in his twenty-second year he has probably a brilliant future in store.

G. C. Vassall (Corinthians).

Owing largely to the paucity of Corinthian matches, little has been seen of G. C. Vassall this season, which is to be much regretted, for the old Oxonian, at his best, is one of the most entertaining figures in present-day football.

Tremendously fast and strong, he goes along the right wing touch line in thrilling style, and if he does not finish up with a beautiful low and admirably placed centre, shoots at goal with a cannon-like force.

He has never gained an International cap; and it is pretty generally agreed that he has not been quite fairly treated in this respect. True, he was chosen once; but as the match in question was fixed for the day on which he happened to be playing for Oxford v. Cambridge, he had very naturally to decline an honour which has never since come his way.

Besides his prowess as a footballer, Mr. Vassall has played first-class cricket for Gloucestershire, and he represented his alma mater in the hundred at three consecutive 'Varsity Sports.

But whatsoever was the cause, Brown dashed along without a pause.—

WHAT HAS ALREADY APPEARED.

Ma Druce rules her household with a rod of iron. Her children (Maggie, the flower-seller; Alf, the paper-boy; and Alice; and Jim, the out-of-work son-in-law) are all victims of her tongue. One daughter, Ruby, has been driven from home by her cruelty, and now leads a questionable life. To Alf and Maggie this mother is particularly brutal, and in the squalid room at Rockfeller Buildings, near Drury Lane, Misery always reigns.

One night Ma Druce lashes Maggie with a rope-end, and blood spurts from the flower-girl's white skin. The paper-boy cannot witness his mother's cruel blows without action, and he seizes a knife that is lying near and rushes at his parent.

There is a thud; Ma Druce drops to the ground, never to rise again. Jim Dempster, who married Alice Druce, takes upon himself the blame of the murder, and tells the two street sellers to go away and never come back.

Maggie has been posing for an artist named Jim Ferguson, and, on leaving Rockfeller Buildings, she journeys with her brother to the artist's studio, and is provided with temporary accommodation there. Jim Ferguson has a curious temperament. He is painting a picture of the flower-girl dancing to a barrel organ in the gutter, and his heart is with the subject. But his funds are low, and the type of picture which he loves painting are not readily sold, so he undertakes a commission to paint the portrait of the Hon. Miss Christine Bodeley. Miss Bodeley is the social success of the season, and Jim becomes interested in her personality.

Detectives visit the studio, and Jim, who has learnt of the murder, denies that he knows where the street sellers are abiding. The officials call a second time, however, and, seeing both Maggie and Alf, take the newsboy into custody in connection with the murder. Then they obtain a warrant and arrest Ferguson. After the magisterial hearing Ferguson is remanded, for he tells a tale which the police witnesses contradict.

Miss Bodeley is present at the arrest, and gets a friend named Captain Bradley to bail out the artist.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

Nature's Secret is Revealed.

THREE whole days passed and Maggie no longer prayed that she would not see Ferguson; she changed her prayers entirely. It was so lonely without him. She chanted her wares in a different key, and her cough increased and kept her awake one night, and her friend with the black eye recommended her a pennyworth of lozenges.

"What's happened to your toff; don't you see him now?"

"I expect he's busy painting," Maggie answered evasively. In her heart she felt he was angry with her—probably would consider her rude for not going to see him when he had asked her. He would not understand that she had kept away for his sake. She and her brother Alf had got him into grave trouble once and she wanted to save him further annoyance. Moreover, she had an uncomfortable suspicion that if she went to the studio now she would find it changed.

The wonderful people might still look kindly at her from the dusty, shadow-haunted walls, and the white goddess smile gently; but the ghosts she had seen on her first visit would be frightened away by a dainty Dresden china figure—a creature of flesh and blood whose skirts whispered tantalisingly as she walked, and who exuded a strange fragrance from her hair and lips, and whose voice was like white wine.

Maggie Druce was jealous! The knowledge came to her unexpectedly; it came in the form of memory. She had often in Rockfeller Buildings seen her womenfolk torn by strange emotions, and under stress of them say terrible things and do strange deeds, and there were always two women to one man. And now she knew and understood.

Another strange mystery of life, another problem spurting like black mud from the gutter. Two women and one man—or, rather, was it not a man and woman and a ragged gutter urchin? She remembered Ferguson's words, "Facts are always humorous." She knew now why Sal sometimes appeared with a broken nose and Jim with a black eye; she could appreciate the scratches which 'Liza left on Florrie's face.

And though there was a big aching void beneath the left breast, and though the pennyworth of lozenges seemed to increase rather than decrease her cough, and though, when she did sleep, curious dreams came to tantalise her, yet her resolve to avoid the artist and keep away from the studio was strengthened. Meanwhile, she wondered how she could manage to visit brother Alf and Jim Dempster. She eagerly read the evening papers; for Bert, one of Alf's pals, when he came her way, was always ready to give her an early edition, and though she could not read quickly or understand easily, she saw that her brother would not meet the charge at the Old Bailey undefended—that someone was interested in the case and was working for him.

Ferguson again, of course. Always Jim Ferguson—the man who had found her dancing in the road and was amused at her antics, just as he was amused at the antics of the monkey he had also brought into the studio. Jim Ferguson—she could not escape from him. He was in her brain, her thoughts were always of him; he was in her heart, and refused to be turned out. Apparently he was in her life—the life of the Druce family at any rate.

Was it, she asked herself irritably, this sense of duty of which she had heard him speak—lightly sometimes—which impelled him to take an interest in her and Alf? If not, what was it?

She could not reconcile his interest in her and Miss Bodeley at the same time; they were as far apart as the poles. Beauty, breeding, education, divided them—dreadful barriers, and quite insurmountable.

But one night when she could not sleep she rose, and, striking a match, shielding the light from the bed, she looked again at her reflection in the large strip of cracked mirror on the table. And she saw one thing she had in common with the rich man's well-bred daughter.

They were both women, both flesh and blood; and, no matter how high one held her head, no matter what rare garments of lace and linen shielded and decorated her youthful body, she, too, carried hidden in her breast the same burden as the half-civilised daughter of the drunken dead thing lying in a pauper's grave.

The powers of love and hate were given to both of them, and the power of Life, sister to Death.

The match burned to her fingers and scarred the flesh, but Maggie did not feel the pain; she extinguished the strip of glowing charcoal in her hand and crept back to bed, trembling a little as if suddenly afraid. Yet her heart was throbbing exultingly in her breast.

For she had made a great discovery. Nature had vouchsafed to her its secret.

* * * * *

The days passed so quickly, thanks entirely to Miss Bodeley's influence, that, though Ferguson did not forget Maggie, he quite forgot how many days elapsed since he had seen her. For he had persuaded Miss Bodeley to sit to him every morning, and Miss Bodeley had recklessly flung aside all her other engagements and come every morning to the artist.

Her friends, especially those with whom she had made engagements, hinted that she was growing exceedingly vain. But it was not vanity nor the desire to see herself portrayed on canvas and hung in the Academy that made Christine give up the world, the flesh, and Rotten Row, for a studio in Root Street.

She had met a man, neither famous, nor wealthy, nor popular; but a man whose vision extended beyond grown-up games, guns, golf clubs and restaurants. A man who could be frank almost to the point of rudeness, and friendly almost to the verge of—affection. A man who read books and people with facility, who looked life squarely in the face, and cultivated life's sense of humour. Moreover, a man who worked for his living, and was not in the least ashamed of poverty.

A phenomenon to the Honourable Miss Bodeley. She wisely did not talk about that phenomenon at home. The portrait progressed quickly, which was satisfactory; Lady Bodeley was afraid Ferguson might linger over it, daily with it. She believed artists were habitually lazy.

Ferguson happened to be the exception that proved the rule. He not only worked in the morning; but when Christine had left him alone and the studio was empty, the studio, the bust, and pictures were forgotten, he worked throughout the afternoon as long as the light lasted, and sometimes found himself even making sketches of certain poses Miss Bodeley sometimes unconsciously assumed, or of one of those long, adorable feet, her lips, her eyes, her hands. Work had always been his master, and the master was now lashing his slave to excessive effort.

Ferguson did not grumble; on the contrary, he was perfectly happy. So busy and so happy, that he quite forgot he had no money in the bank and very little in his pocket, that Mrs. Jones's bill had been unpaid for a fortnight, and that his clothes would soon be emulating Maggie's.

But Mrs. Jones did not press for her bill because she was pleased with Ferguson again. Instead of allowing rubbish to enter his studio, he had for the last few days allowed the Honourable Miss Bodeley, and the Honourable Miss Bodeley had brought her maid, and that was quite nice and correct and proper. Moreover, the Honourable Miss Bodeley was the daughter of Lord Bodeley of Bartingham, and—well, surely no young artist ever had such a chance before.

She was very young and very beautiful, and without doubt very innocent of the world and its ways. And Mr. Ferguson, in spite of his peculiarities, was quite a gentleman, and had been well brought up. And so Mrs. Jones when she met her neighbours wore a vague, far-away look in her eyes, and hinted at romance in high life.

Ferguson discovered that chocolates arrived for Miss Bodeley's edification without being sent for. One morning whilst Ferguson breakfasted, Mrs. Jones routed out some half-dozen pairs of worn socks, and held them up to him with mock disapproval.

"To think that a gentleman should go on wearing things like these. What would happen to you if I didn't sometimes keep an eye on you, sir, I don't know. The best thing you can do is to get married, you are just the age a gentleman should marry, and I'm sure you would make a good husband."

Ferguson asked what connection there was between holey stockings and marriage. "If I'm ever foolish enough to swear to love, honour, and cherish for ever and ever a woman, who, however charming, will be a far greater stranger to me than you are, Mrs. Jones, and therefore far less suitable as a wife—she'll not be a housekeeper or a needlewoman."

Mrs. Jones shook her head and sighed. "I believe if I wasn't here to stop you, you'd marry a model or some shameless creature."

"I think it's very likely, Mrs. Jones. If I could find an ideal figure I should certainly marry her; I should have no hesitation in making my wife pose to me, but I'm hanged if I could tolerate a woman who was always mending my rags."

Mrs. Jones retired, asking the studio cat in confidence, why all artists were invariably mad.

It was late in the afternoon of Saturday—the day being particularly dark and gloomy, with a fog threatening—that Ferguson put down his sketch-book, covered up "Miss Bodeley" and turned her face to the wall, and, at a particularly sharp hint from conscience, went in search of Maggie. She was just packing up to go home. He mounted a 'bus with her, and, when they reached Westminster, insisted on a messenger boy taking her basket for the rest of the way whilst he took her back to the studio.

She had nothing to say during the journey, though the silence between them was punctuated by coughs on her part. Ferguson was a little absent-minded, he was trying to calculate the exact date on which Christine's picture would be finished; he wanted to complete it five or six days before the trial of Alf and Jim Dempster commenced. Mrs. Jones, who had just laid supper for one, frowned disapproval when she saw Maggie.

Ferguson recklessly built a large fire up, lit, not only the lamp, but several candles, whilst Maggie washed her hands and exchanged her damp boots for a pair of his slippers.

Then they sat down to supper; but still silence reigned between them, only the unquiet cough ever and again echoing unpleasantly through the studio.

Maggie began to feel disturbed, a change had come over Ferguson; she had never known him so silent, she had never seen him so pre-occupied.

"I suppose you're very angry with me?"

"No," he replied absently. "Yes, though; by Jove, I am. Where have you been all these days?"

"Same place. I didn't come to see you because—well, I knew you was busy. And—I've been busy, too."

Ferguson looked at her; really looked at her, seeing her for the first time. "You look wretchedly ill."

"I'm sorry."

He set aside his thoughts of Christine Bodeley and the coming trial. "I've neglected you, Maggie."

She flushed with delight; he remembered he had forgotten her.

"But I've been fearfully busy; I want to get this portrait finished before—well, before the middle of December. You ought to have looked me up of your own accord as I told you to."

"There wasn't any need."

Ferguson sighed, and ran his fingers through his hair: "What a troublesome woman you're going to be! By the way, how is that coat we bought a few days ago?"

"Oh; it's nice and warm, thanks. I don't know what I should have done without it lately."

"Well, I've—er—found some more things for you," Ferguson added hurriedly. "Some things—er—a friend doesn't want. I thought you perhaps might make use of them, you know."

Maggie knew at once. "I suppose you've been talking to Miss Bodeley, and she's——"

"What a memory for names." He shook his head: "I mustn't tell you who our friends are, so don't ask."

Maggie bit her lips and bent over her plate. "I don't think I want anything."

But she spoke without faith or hope. It was rather hopeless trying to deceive Ferguson. Had she not slept in his studio, worn those queer, silk garments of his, and even draped herself like an Eastern queen in some strange gown?

Ferguson waited until she raised her head, then he looked her squarely in the face. "I know just what you want, Maggie, don't play any tricks with me, or I shall have to treat you like a small child."

A queer little smile robbed Maggie's face of the chastened expression it had worn. An unspoken thought entered her eyes.

She wished he would! Those few days and nights when she had first met him were like a dream now; but the emotions they had aroused still remained; indeed, like plants in a hot-house they had grown alarmingly. Grown to desire—the desire for love, not particularly a man's love, but rather universal love that might exist between fellow creatures of either sex—mother and

He looked not to the left or right, but hurried on with all his might.—

child, brothers, or sisters. Good food was having its evil effect on her, and the good fire, the soft light of the candles, and the shaded lamp.

She discovered that the ghosts had not left the studio; they still haunted it. She glanced around uneasily. There, from the walls, the strange faces gleamed, and visions of woods and moorlands and wild seascapes; there, a distance off, by the curtains, flushed white the marble limbs of the wonderful goddess, and the queer head of the funny old gentleman Ferguson called Pan, grinned welcome to her.

And she knew, whatever paths she trod in the future, no matter where they led her, this she would always remember and think of as home.

Sentimental, ridiculous—she knew these words, though did not dream that they might be applied to herself. She had no home, but the word to her meant a place where she had found peace and rest—a place where, when she was wounded and ready to die, she would, if she could, return.

Sanctuary—that was all.

When the supper was finished Ferguson rose. "I'll look for the box, then you can go in my room and choose what you want. I shan't be long."

Maggie waited until he reached the curtains. "May I look at a book?"

Ferguson was about to give a careless reply when he checked himself, and, turning, frowned. Had the desire for knowledge reached her heart and opened her lips?

"Do you want to look at a book or read a book?"

"Read—something that you read."

Ferguson knelt before the bookcase still frowning. "I read queer stuff. Do you want to be amused?"

Maggie shook her head. He pulled out a volume of Kipling and handed it to her. "These are short stories, read one and tell me what you think about it—but I shan't be long."

Maggie had no light task; neither, for the matter of that, had Ferguson. He had not opened the box Miss Bodeley sent since the evening, when, in a spirit of sentimental humour, he had found and left on his floor the little suède shoes and the pair of silk stockings. He had grown almost to feel that the box contained, if not Christine herself, certainly some part of her—possibly little ghostly portions of her spirit which men and women are always giving birth to and leaving here and there on their journey through life. Nevertheless, it was necessary he should open the box now, though it almost felt like an outrage.

. . . Yes, as he had expected; a dress, in his eyes comparatively new, doubtless a very simple and humble garment in Miss Bodeley's estimation, but if Maggie put it on and wore it in the gutter trying to sell flowers, she would probably be mobbed. . . . . But there were other things, he touched them gently and shook his head, and covered up the box, after taking away two frocks. He hid the dresses in the wardrobe, then suddenly laughed aloud. It was really very funny, and if Mrs. Jones knew, what would she say!

Maggie did not hear him laugh, for Kipling was playing havoc with her soul.

Ferguson allowed her to finish the story in peace. Then, seeing the sea of trouble and delight in her eyes, without asking her opinion, he sent her to his room to interview the box, whilst, putting on a pipe, he awaited the result before the studio fire.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

The Donning of Wealth's Robes.

Maggie was a long time absent from the studio. Perhaps Ferguson forgot her, perhaps he fell a-dreaming.

The fire had burnt low, and the red hot ashes rattled into the grate; the candles guttered and went out, the lamp burned dimly.

But Ferguson was not dreaming; true, he had forgotten Maggie; but she was responsible for his present mood, and for his present behaviour. He was, for the first time in his life looking at his own life very seriously, facing facts, turning his soul inside out, and rummaging in every one of its corners.

Not only Maggie, but a pair of suède shoes and silk stockings were also responsible. Sentiment again, blatant almost sickly. Ferguson did not know it, so he can be forgiven. But there comes an hour in the life of every man when he is forced to sit down by his own fireside and look at the current of his life as it rushes or crawls to the unknown sea; when he must mark where it rolls from the hills of wonderland, the land which he dimly remembers being all flowers and sunshine and blue sky, and following its course he looks ahead to see how it fares before it is swallowed by, and disappears into, the great sea. Each human stream as it runs through life unites for some period of its existence with another; sometimes the two flow merrily together until the end, sometimes they part again and unite with others; but the stream of life that rises, flows, and disappears alone, is very rarely found.

Ferguson was still young, and youth is the time for love, and he happened to be wondering why he had never loved, or rather never imagined himself in love. Perhaps a varied and close acquaintance with women was the cause; but he began to have a horrible suspicion that his hour had come, and with the instinct of the civilised male he fought against the emotion that threatened him.

He anted freedom and work to be his only mistress; yet—and it was very dull of him not to recognise that sentiment made the suggestion—that little pair of suède shoes beside the ungainly red hat looked friendly and comfortable, and interesting.

They suggested all sorts of delightful possibilities.

Sometimes when he could no longer work and the streets were heavy with the fog or rain, the fireside seemed lonely and the studio too quiet. Or even when he worked, fighting to do his best in spite of the lure that men offered in the shape of money, he sometimes felt that it would have been good had there been one by his side to criticise and encourage.

He was one of Kipling's builders; but he builded alone, and for all his dreams and ideals he builded an empty house. Art could not be the beginning and end of his existence; when he had passed away he wanted to leave something more than a few canvasses behind him.

He wanted to leave life.

A sorry thing it had seemed sometimes when he had followed the footprints of Maggie in the gutter or Baby on the pavement. Or again, a bright and merry thing when a pair of little suède-clad feet danced lightly through the well-swept streets or flower-starred meadows. But lately he had begun to realise that every footprint of every man and woman, no matter whether it were in the mire or the clean highway, all lay in one direction; that the King's daughter or the daughter of the pavements—shunned by all men since the beginning of time, save by Christ himself—eventually met, joined hands and lips, and continued to journey through the Unknown together.

Jim Ferguson yawned, and the pipe slipped from between his teeth. He did not hear the curtain drawn aside; he did not hear the faint rustle of a skirt, nor a stealthy nervous movement in his direction. Mentally he was comparing Dresden china with muddy humanity, the woman who had been taught knowledge and the woman who had bought it; the woman who was virtuous because she could not help herself, and the woman who was virtuous because she had helped herself.

And it was the latter woman who awoke him from his dream.

"I expect I look an awful guy, don't I?"

The woman who had bought experience! She spoke even as Eve had spoken when she first struggled with her garland of fig leaves.

Ferguson turned slowly, stooped to pick up his pipe.

"Great Scott! I had forgotten you."

Ferguson looked carelessly at Maggie, then slowly he sat upright and stared. Rising, he held the lamp above his head and gave vent to his feelings in a little unconventional language not to be found in the dictionary.

Though an artist, he was, nevertheless, a mere man, and it seemed at first as if a miracle had been performed. Maggie had, indeed, worked a transformation, with the help of the garments that had fallen from the rich girl's wardrobe. She had looked at herself in the mirror before daring to venture into the studio, and though not satisfied had been surprised and pleased. Clothes mean both more and less to a woman than they do to a man.

Dress, only a year or two ago, was the only method of expression allowed a woman—and her only disguise. But to a man her garments are only suggestions, weapons with which she fights both his sex and her own. Had not Eve been surpassingly beautiful, she would have had to become a dressmaker and obtain a wardrobe before she could ever have induced Adam to leave the Garden of Eden—the apple would have been quite ineffectual.

Maggie Druce in her rags was far more beautiful than Maggie Druce in the cast-off finery of Christine; her rags had mocked Nature's handiwork, but they had not hidden it. The neatly cut coat and skirt which she now wore, though it hid did not mock, gave her what she had not possessed before—a little self-conscious dignity. They emphasised the beauty they hid, and, in spite of an honest endeavour—with the aid of a three-penny bath at Westminster—to look sweet and clean, Maggie had discovered that one set of rags were at perpetual warfare with the grace that is next to Godliness.

"By Jove, I shouldn't have known you!"

Maggie flushed. She thought Ferguson was paying her a compliment.

"It does make a difference. It's funny how they fit me, isn't it?"

"Do they fit you?"

"Lor', can't you see?"

"Yes, of course. Miss Bodeley must have quite an exceptionally pretty figure."

The light left Maggie's face. Ferguson could not have made a more charming remark, but she did not understand it. She understood that his thoughts were with Miss Bodeley though, and she was reminded unpleasantly that the clothes in which she was masquerading were gifts of charity, and she was seized with a desire to tear them from her back and throw them at the artist's feet, run out of his studio quickly, and leave him for ever. Just for a moment she felt very proud; she had been glad of the mirror's message—that Ferguson would see her disguised as other women disguise themselves, that he would see her clean and sweet and respectable. She knew quite well that no woman who wears rags is respectable—in England. Better silk fleshings, and a string of pearls around her throat.

"I can't wear 'em," she muttered, turning away, trying to hide her wrath and disappointment.

"But you can," Ferguson blundered. "That's so marvellous, you can!"

"A pretty sight I should look selling flowers in the street in this 'ere get-up."

For the first time Maggie's lack of knowledge of the King's English jarred on Ferguson; he resented her lack of aspirates, her abbreviations, and slight nasal twang. Why had he never noticed this before?

Outwardly she was the honourable Miss Bodeley, inwardly she was the unhonourable Maggie Druce. If she wore petticoats she would have to use aspirates.

"Well, you can keep those things for—for—for feast days and holidays."

"I don't think I'll keep 'em at all."

Ferguson sighed. "*Them*, Maggie," he said quietly.

Her first lesson. He had taken the burden of this child-woman on his shoulders, and he knew that if he were going to lift her from the gutters it was time to commence.

She looked at him sharply, her cheeks were blazing, her lips disappeared into a thin line, and her eyes defiant.

"You're ashamed of me already!"

"Don't be a silly child; sit down and tell me what you thought about Kipling."

"He's beyond me; besides, it is time I was goin' home."

Ferguson was about to enforce his authority by lifting her into the chair, but as he caught her by the arm he hesitated. Outwardly, at any rate, her childhood had slipped from her with her rags; he was faced by a woman—her womanhood dyeing her cheeks scarlet and burning her big eyes.

Maggie wrenched herself free. "I feel just as if I was dressed up for a circus. Perhaps you'll thank Miss Bodeley kindly," she continued, with pathetic dignity, "and tell her they ain't of no use to me!"

"I'm afraid I can't do that; you see, we don't know who sent them. Besides, Maggie, you would not only be ungrateful, but very foolish if you don't make use of them."

"How can I?" Her voice quivered indignantly. "Ain't you got sense enough to know I can't go out like this? Why, what would they say to me?"

Ferguson shrugged his shoulders; it was a hopeless task to argue with a woman about clothes. Moreover, until Maggie returned to her rags it was not easy to go into the details of her costume.

"My dear child," he said severely, fighting against the fact of her womanhood, "you can wear your own dresses for business purposes, but surely there are lots of nice warm things—good boots and shoes that would be very useful to you for this beastly weather."

Though Maggie's feet may often have been muddy, her mind was clean and had never been troubled with notions of false modesty.

"Go and have a look at 'em," she stormed. "Look at that—fancy me in them clothes at Covent Garden, and fancy me floating round with them frills——"

Ferguson promptly hauled down his flag. "We won't argue," he said quietly, "but you've got to take that box away with you to-night; I won't have it in my room. If you can't make use of those things you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why, I thought you were ambitious, Maggie?"

"What's the use of ambitions when you've only got rags to cover them with?"

"I thought you were going to dance at the theatre one day?" he continued, sucking his pipe fiercely.

Maggie hid her face. "I don't suppose they'd have me at any theatre," she whispered after a silence. "I don't talk proper!"

"Would you like to learn?"

Maggie did not reply; she looked no longer dignified, but pathetic. Ferguson was swept by an absurd desire to take her in his arms, tell her that she was a silly little child, that she must learn to be patient and do what she was told. She wanted petting—she wanted to be taken in a strong pair of arms, a mother's, father's, or brother's; always she had had to rely on her own strength, always to fight her own battles and temptations, and never when she was tired anywhere to rest.

"Look here, Maggie, I shall finish Miss Bodeley's portrait in a few days, and then you must give up your pitch outside Woolland's and come here and let me go on with the picture. Whilst I paint you we'll do lessons—you shall teach me life, whilst I teach you grammar."

She shook her head. "And then!"

"Well, then it will be nearly Christmas; lots of new ballets and pantomimes. We'll find you an engagement."

"You can do most things I know, but I don't think you can do that."

"Yes, I can. A man can do anything he sets his heart on."

Maggie looked surprised. She walked to the mantelshelf, and, leaning her elbows on it, gazed down into the dying fire.

"Why are you goin' to set your heart on—helpin' me?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Ferguson replied lightly, mixing himself a whisky and soda. "It just happens that I'm going to. I shouldn't worry about that if I were you. You mustn't expect lessons to be all beer and skittles, you know; we shall have many a tussle together."

Maggie nodded. Again she was silent for a long time.

"But it don't seem fair you should be doin' everything," she whispered, "and us doin' nothin'. I mean, I don't mind what I does if you asks me. You see, I sort of know you quite well now—I mean, is there nothin' I can do? . . . But I suppose there is nothin'. I'm not your sort; the women they know—well, they all dress fine and talk proper. And"—she pretended to laugh—"look at my hands—these hands!"

She held them out towards Ferguson, quite unaware of the grace with which she did so. He was not to know that she had scrubbed them several times in the almost boiling water in his bathroom; but they looked grubby, and the skin was coarse and cut.

He took them in his and held them. With a startled cry she tried to withdraw them. He was hurting her—not physically; she would not have minded that, physical pain would have helped her then. Yet the hurt came through the grip of his hands on hers; no one had ever held them so before. It produced an uncanny feeling and a fear in her breast.

"Let me go," she whispered, hanging her head.

Ferguson obeyed; the feeling in Maggie's breast had been communicated to him for an instant.

"I'm goin' now," she said quickly. "If you don't mind my changin' in there"—jerking her head towards the bedroom—"and if you wish it I'll take the box of clothes with me. . . . But if I don't wear 'em you won't always mind, will you? 'Cause, you see——"

Slowly understanding dawned in Ferguson's brain.

"I know," he interrupted cheerfully. "When the picture is painted and our lessons over we can have a grand bonfire of these rags, Maggie, and instead of sitting in the gutter with wet feet selling flowers in the rain you shall learn to dance in the theatre."

(Another long instalment next week.)

"You won't forget me, sir, I hope," said the hotel porter, who had begun to have doubts as to his tip.

"Certainly not, Charles," replied the cheery young tourist, who was preparing for departure. "I'll send you a picture postcard from the next interesting place I stop at."

"e crossed the streets without a glance, which fairly made the horses prance."

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To unobservant eyes there is nothing under foot but grimy pavements and mud-choked streets, around there is nothing but a chaotic tumult of hurrying people, bent on thousands of different errands, animated by thousands of different ambitions, theories, aims, and ideas; above there is nothing but a grey pall of leaden sky; but to the eye of the business man, to the eye of the man or woman who possesses the "getting-on" instinct, the "golden touch" of the future monarch of riches, the pavements glow with the wealth that the City, or, rather, the citizens, have created; the shops, the offices, the buildings are literally overflowing with the gold that is being poured into that territory of bricks and mortar, gold that may be yours, yes, yours, if only you can find out the way—and it is not so very difficult a way—of securing it. Every individual you meet is of interest, seeing that one and all may be bringing opportunities to you, opportunities which, if you can only seize, may be the means of bearing you onward to fame and fortune. The very atmosphere, smoke-laden though it is, is laden also with potential wealth. Every turning you pass

View of Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, Westminster, where are situated the Offices of the International Securities Corporation Limited.

discloses a new vista, a vista of gold-earning possibility. Every step you take may, if you so desire, be a step onward upon the Royal highway that leads unerringly to success.

Some Wealthy Cities.

And so the old nursery tales are true after all. They are wise with the wisdom of accumulated experience. London streets are, indeed, paved with gold, although the fact may be hidden from the thoughtless, the careless, the sluggish, and the incompetent. Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Vienna, all the capitals of Europe, are veritable Tom Tiddler's grounds, from which you may gather, if you will, the gleaming silver and the burnished gold.

The wealth of cities is proverbial. "What a city to loot," exclaimed grim old Blucher, looking out upon the lights of London town. And that was nearly a hundred years ago. It is far more worth looting to-day. And the same may be said of Paris, of Brussels, of Amsterdam, of all the great cities of the world. They are growing richer every year. Every year the wealth accumulated within their boundaries is growing in ever-increasing volume.

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Now, it is quite possible, as we have said, for every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* to obtain a share of this immense wealth. The way we have in mind is one that is unique in this. Most methods of earning money resolve themselves in the long run to the question of securing a high and well-paid position in the business in which you may happen to be engaged. Such a position is not, of course, open to everyone. No matter how clever and how efficient the individual may be, there is only room at the top for one person at a time. We must, all of us, fill some step in the ladder of success—for some the step is some distance from the top, and is one we cannot hope to climb past. The method we advocate is, therefore, quite different from any of these. But it is one which is not difficult—which, on the contrary, is extremely simple and within the reach of every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* who possesses either £5 in cash or who can manage to save and put by £1 in a month.

How £5 may earn you £20,000.

It is a method which has been devised by the leading financial authorities of the Continent, and which has been put in practice by the municipal authorities of the most important cities of France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Italy, and by the Governments of many of the chief countries and states, including the great Republic of France. It is a method which has been heartily supported by investors of all classes across the Channel, who have been attracted by the safe and exceedingly remunerative character of the system; indeed, so popular has it proved that it is stated on high authority that between £600,000,000 and £700,000,000 sterling is at the present moment invested in this way in Europe. It is a method which gives the ordinary man or woman hundreds of opportunities of sharing in the immense wealth of nations and cities; it is a method which is achieving, even in insular Britain, a popularity akin to that which it has already gained elsewhere. And this is what makes this article especially interesting to readers of *P.W.* You can share in these profits. You can invest your 2s. 6d. a week, or your £5 in cash, in these high-class, gilt-edged, safe securities. You can seize these opportunities of making with these small sums a fortune, perhaps one of £20,000. And this without trouble, without technical knowledge, without risk—and, maybe, without waiting any great length of time for the results of your investment.

To take one example.

The City of Brussels, the beautiful capital of Belgium, is one of the wealthiest towns in the North of Europe. It has a population of about half a million, and is famous for its manufactures of lace, furniture, bronze, and leather work. But of more interest to readers of *P.W.* will be a description of the vast fortunes that are every year awarded in its magnificent Hotel de Ville to those who have invested in its municipal stock. This stock is held not only by residents in Brussels itself, but by men and women of large, moderate, and small means in every part of Europe, this country included. The place of residence does not matter at all. Everyone is qualified to invest in this magnificent security.

And this is how you can share in the profits of this flourishing City. You can invest any sum from £4 15s. upwards in Brussels Municipal Stock. You can invest this sum "right now," or you can make it up in instalments. Having done this, you will receive in return:

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Your money is secured by a charge upon the rates and revenues of the City. Under no circumstance can you lose it.

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This interest will be paid you regularly every year, just as if you had invested in Consols.

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In fact, you may invest your £4 15s. now—or begin paying your 2s. 6d. instalments now—and in less than a year's time you may find yourself the possessor of a fortune of £20,000!

£20,000! What opportunities the possession of such a sum will give you. £20,000! Is there any investment in the world that offers such immense profits on so small a sum. Under £5 may bring in this enormous fortune. And you will incur no risk; you will have nothing to do—(except draw the money)—no skill on your part is required.

And even this splendid investment is not unique in the world. If you will write to the secretary of the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., 475, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W., you will be sent gratis and post free a copy of a Blue Book (originally published at a shilling—it will cost you nothing), which gives you full particulars of over twenty other similar securities, some giving even larger prospective profits, others giving larger rates of interest. Why not write for the book now? It can do you no harm—its perusal may induce you to gather up some of the gold and silver distributed by these great Continental cities, and which someone else will be sure to obtain, even though you do not.

The International Securities Corporation is a firm

In order that readers of *Pearson's Weekly* may have some appreciation of the immense popularity of Premium Bonds as an investment, the illustration above represents the extent of a morning's mail at the offices of the Corporation.

of world-wide reputation. Of its methods, Mr. H. G. Low, a well-known London accountant, has recently written:

"I consider the system in vogue is a good one, and the best applicable to this particular class of business."

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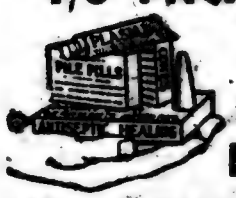

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SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.
My Heart is Like a Singing Bird!

BETTY RIMMLE had scored a respite. She had silenced "Sam Smith," and allayed Stuart's suspicions. She was too shrewd, however, to rest on her achievement, she must act and act quickly if she were to win the day. She must hasten her marriage with Jerry with all possible speed. Once his wife she could afford to laugh at threats to undermine his love and confidence.

She broached the subject on a wonderful June afternoon in a backwater above Henley. Jerry and she had spent a long, delicious morning punting up stream, and now, moored to a green islet, they rested in the shade of a clump of willows. The sun flickered through the branches, playing hide and seek in Betty's hair; the waves lapped with a gentle and monotonous gurgle, the rushes shivered at the touch of the west wind.

Jerry settled himself on the cushions at Betty's side, slipped his arm round her neck and drew her face to his. She flushed at the touch of his lips, eager and passionate.

"You look rippin' to-day," he said, tilting her chin back with a masterful air. Betty, confident in the set of her cream serge, tilted her hat, overgrown with scarlet poppies, to a becoming angle. The sun had browned her cheek, the wind had smoothed away the lines about her eyes, her face glowed with the freshness of eighteen.

"When we're married we'll have a houseboat and live on the river. You'd like that, Jerry?" she said softly.

"First rate for the summer," he said lazily.

"In the winter we'll go to Rome or Paris."

"You don't want much, my dear. How is a poor beggar like me to winter in Paris and provide you with frocks?"

"I'd live in an attic and wear sackcloth to be with you, Jerry," she said, her voice stirred by a quick gust of emotion.

He laughed in an easy fashion that jarred on her.

"Good old Betty—you'd look rippin' in a sack."

"I mean it, Jerry. I—I don't want pretty things or nice houses. I'd go out into the wilderness with you to-morrow—barefoot."

Jerry opened his brown eyes.

"You dear old girl," he said hugging her. "The wilderness is not a bad idea, Betty. Didn't those Israelitish chaps find manna and things there? On consideration I think the wilderness is good; better than Peckham anyway."

"I'd live at Peckham, if you like, dear."

"Good Heavens! No; one might as well be buried alive as entombed in the suburbs." He yawned and closed his eyes. Punting was exhausting work.

The girl moved restlessly and stripped the leaves off a low-hanging branch.

"One can get cheap flats in town," she said in a low voice.

"Plenty of nice little places to let in Mount Street," he said in a sleepy voice. "Five hundred is all Montressor pays for his—nice chap Montressor; you'd like him Betty." His voice trailed off to a murmur, an irreverent midge settled unrebuked on his nose.

"Could we afford Mount Street, Jerry?" Her persistence and a sharp ring in her voice penetrated the delightful languor that enwrapped him. He sat up blinking like a kitten in the sunshine.

"Who wants to live in Mount Street?" he asked, trying to stifle a yawn.

"You suggested we might take a flat there when——" she stammered, "when we're married," she said breathlessly.

"My dear girl," he was wide awake now, and sitting as nearly upright as a punt permits. "My dear girl, do you realise you're speaking to a wretched Government clerk, a mere pauper on five hundred a year?"

"That's quite a large income for some people, Jerry." She trembled, tearing the soft green willow leaves with restless fingers. "Jerry, it's a problem we shall have to face some time—if you don't repent your bargain, dear."

Jerry answered in a convincing fashion. None the less, her words surprised him, almost unpleasantly. He had been engaged barely six months, during which time he had set himself seriously to work to curtail his expenditure and increase his income. He had reduced his debts, and was sanguine concerning a rise of salary. He had decided that by the beginning of next year he might hope to make Betty his wife. He was an independent person albeit easy-going, and did not desire to appeal to Sir Douglas for assistance. He loved Betty better than his life and desired her above all things for his own; but, in the fashion of a man, he wished to marry at his own time, and no one else's.

"My dear little girl," he said slowly, "I want you for my very own, more than I ever wanted anything, but it wouldn't be cricket to take you until I could keep you decently—I can't hope for that for another year at least."

"A year?" The strained look in her eyes startled him. "Jerry; it's eternity. Think, think what may happen in a year. Three hundred and sixty-five days, and every day a hundred risks to run. You may be drowned, knocked over by a motor, killed by fire, you may—don't laugh," she put her fingers on his lips, "it may be fun to you, it's torture to me."

"Silly kid, you talk as if the world were full of dragons breathin' fire and slaughter, hungerin' for my blood."

She looked up quickly, her lips aquiver.

"Jerry, why should we wait? You love me, and I—I—" she clasped him tightly round the neck. "Life has no beauty, no colour, no meaning in it without you. When you're with me, touching me, calling me 'sweetheart' in your dear voice, all of me, body and soul, lights up as if a sunbeam suddenly made its way into a dark, cold place. Beloved, I am dead without you, only in your arms I live. When we part, when you leave me, I fall back into the cold, grey ocean of dread. I shall never see him again. I shall never feel his kisses on my mouth. It's as if the words were shouted in my ears. I'm on the knife-edge of despair each time you leave me, till I'm caught once more into a heaven of delight here—here, nearest your heart." Her voice, broken with passion, tremulous with fear, died away in the murmur of the lapping water, the sighing of the wind, the rustling of the trees. Jerry held her very closely and sat silent.

"I didn't think you cared like that," he said at last; "I'm not worth it, kiddy—not a man livin' but feels uncommon small to hear a woman say what you've said. Why," he paused, "I'm not good at sayin' things; but," he strained her closer, "you're the woman I love, the woman I want, and may I fall dead at your dear feet if I cease to love you darlin'!"

She eyed him gratefully through a mist of tears.

"You'll let me have my way, Jerry? You won't insist on being prudent and careful and all sorts of tiresome things? You'll marry me out of hand and take me to the wilderness or Peckham, *please*, darling?"

Jerry, at that moment, desired nothing better. But ecstasy is not equipped for a long flight, sober fact weighs down its wings; he came back to earth with a jar.

"You're enough to tempt St. Anthony, kiddy; but," he shook his head, "my dear old girl, it would be rank madness for us to marry now. We can't start with a millstone of debt round our necks."

Betty bit her lip, and sacrificed a further crop of soft young leaves. There was but one card left for her to play. If that failed, she was lost indeed.

"I've a little money of my own, Jerry," she said softly. "When I marry, there'll be a matter of £2,000 to come to me. My mother left a few spare hundreds which uncle invested to such good advantage that they have grown prodigiously."

Jerry frowned thoughtfully.

"I don't like the idea of using your money, Betty. I couldn't use it to pay my debts."

"I don't ask you to do that. We could spend it in furniture and things, and bank the balance for housekeeping. Oh, I'm a clever manager, I assure you."

"And you suggest we should get tied up right away on the strength of the two thou. It's tempting."

It was more tempting when, with passionate kisses, she clung to him, her eyes divinely wet, her voice broken and pleading.

"If you knew how I loved you, if you knew how the fear of losing you tears my heart—Oh, Jerry, Jerry, if you left me, if you ceased to care for me, I could not live, I should die of despair. You never will, swear you never will, my heart, my life—if you left me I should *die*, Jerry!"

He took her in his arms, his reserve broken up by the great love that thrilled her voice, touched her eyes with a strange glory.

She won the contest—how could she have failed? And Jerry meekly agreed, debts or no debts, that they should be married in three months' time.

"The end of September, kiddy," he said in his practical fashion, "when I come back from shootin' Montressor's preserves. By Jove, it will be rippin'!"

They lingered in the shade of the willows, till the sun, in a cloud of purple glory, dropped behind the horizon, and the river grew to amber and violet, pale green and amethyst beneath an opalescent sky. The water-fowl cheeped in the reeds, a brilliant kingfisher flashed through the quivering air. From one of the houseboats up the reach came the sound of a piano. Someone was playing a prelude to Christina Rossetti's marvellous love song instinct with passion, wrought with so fierce, so pure a flame, the cry is love itself.

"My heart is like a singing bird," a woman's voice thrilled out the words. Betty's hands sought Jerry's and held them in a fierce grip.

Up and up the voice scaled the heights of joy until the gates of heaven's self were reached, and, in a paean of triumph, the challenge was flung forth,

"The birthday of my love has come to me."

Betty shivered as the last notes died away.

"Love like that is a redemption," she said; "it would—it must wipe out all sin. Jerry, if you discovered I'd committed a great sin, that I'd forged, stolen, murdered——" her voice trailed off into a hoarse whisper, "yes, even murder, would the knowledge of my love blot out your remembrance of the sin?"

Jerry lit a cigarette.

"If you ever commit a murder, I'll let you know," he said calmly. "Meanwhile, it's gettin' chill, and you're growin' romantic. We'll get back to land, kiddy, and have some food."

In silence they drifted down the river, an enchanted river, with ever-changing hues. Sweet-scented meadows sloped to the water-side, green fields of barley and of rye, flanked by rich wooded uplands, "that clothe the wold and meet the sky." Up the reach, the houseboats, gorgeous with multi-coloured Chinese lanterns, glowed like the fabled palaces of fairyland. A sense of peace fell like night upon the world.

Betty, stretched luxuriously on a pile of soft cushions, watched, with lazy admiration, the swift grace with which her lover, standing in the bows, sent the punt along. It was a golden hour. She lived it to the full, tasting the separate joy of each moment, distilling ecstasy from every beat of Time's quick-running pulse. After, when she had drained the last drop of the elixir, she would pay the price. For the present, she was floating on the tide of happiness.

In her room at the mansion in Park Lane, the ghostly shapes, the ghastly faces of the past would mock at her, clamouring their due. She spent most nights now in their company; only the little bottle in the wardrobe gave her relief. To-night there would be a fresh torment, a new horror. She cowered on her cushions; the remembrance like a chill wind swept over her.

She would have to face the problem of raising in three months £2,000! For her story of her mother's legacy was a myth, it's careful investment a fable. She had won her lover's consent to an early marriage by a lie. She had not a penny in the world but what Sir Douglas allowed her, and what she made at cards. There was small chance of Sir Douglas coming to the rescue. He would not lift a finger in her aid.

The woman's voice from the houseboat pealed out once again. Up and up the voice scaled the heights of joy. To Betty the path that led to love's fulfilment was set with cruel thorns, no pinions of delight for her; with bleeding feet, with labouring heart, she must pursue her way, the way that led through many a strange and desolate place. And yet, with the full knowledge of all that waited her, the sin, the shame, and the deceit she must wade through; her heart gave back the words with a glad cry.

"The birthday of my love, my love has come to me!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.
Thou Art the Man.

STUART went to Judith Chesney's resolved that if circumstances compelled Barbara to conclude her bargain with Stebbing, he would see that the Jew should not profit by the transaction. The fighting spirit of the man rebelled at so tame an acquiescence. He yearned to take the matter into court, where as Barbara's trustee he could defeat the usurer. But there was much in what Judith had said in regard to making the case public. Barbara's name flaunted in the Press, Barbara's face pictured to gratify a sensation-loving public—the very thought was sacrilege.

The solicitor mapped out a plan of campaign against Marcus the magnificent, designed to give that worthy son of Israel many sleepless nights. Stuart resolved to ally himself with Blythe against their common foe. And this in face of all his suspicions—suspicions which the baronet's masterly move had allayed, but not destroyed.

It was characteristic of the man that, while he had listened to Nan when his friendship with Blythe had been a matter of self-interest only, her warnings were brushed aside now that Barbara's welfare was involved. He owed it to his *fiancée*, however, to acquaint her with his change of opinion, and called at the studio on his way to Sloane Street. But Nan, in all the glories of pink *crêpe de Chine*, had already started; Stuart, unreasonably irritated at her absence, was no better pleased to find her at Sloane Street. He was eager to see Sir Douglas and set on foot his plan against the Jew. Strange how events shaped themselves to bring him and his old-time foe together. The case against Smith & Co., on which he had relied to bring him a large measure of success, was slipping slowly but surely into the far, far distance. The case was down for hearing in October, but if by that time Brettal had not been traced, the Argus Co. would not go into court, and the result would be a compromise.

Sir Douglas, he learned from Judith, was expected later in the evening; meanwhile, she observed, he would find Barbara in the music-room. The latter was listening to a violin solo with every expression of polite attention, but her thoughts were far away. Seated near her, studying every line of her perfect face, each curve of her rounded figure, was Nan Hallam. The Puritan was looking her best; her neck and arms showed fair and white above pink draperies, and her soft silken hair was curled and waved in a fascinating if worldly fashion. But her allurements paled to insignificance beside her rival; with a slow, sweet smile curving her perfect lips, her great brown eyes luminous, wonderful, Nan grew shadowy in contrast with the splendour of Barbara's womanhood.

The old love and the new—they glanced up simultaneously as Stuart drew near. Instinctively he turned to Barbara, then with a quick recovery turned aside and offered his arm to Nan, and introduced her to her rival.

Each woman with a single glance mastered the details of the other's toilette, appraised her character, and adjudicated on her looks.

"Hedley will never fall in love with her. Poor thing!" was Barbara's mental comment, and was moved to feel sorry for the girl forthwith.

Nan also made her discovery. Whatever Barbara had felt for Hedley in the past, she was convinced her present

All Cyclists should read . . .

CYCLING NOTES

by F. PERCY LOW, appearing in the London

Daily Express

every Saturday.

The "Daily Express" is London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper, and is on Sale Everywhere.

Until at length he made a stop, outside a certain paper shop.—

feeling was one of the deepest emotion. She turned swiftly towards Stuart, and read the truth in his face, too.

Stuart took the opportunity that evening to tell Barbara that Stebbing should receive the shares the following morning, and that he would try so to arrange matters that Le Patrol should be no loser by the transference.

"I can never thank you," she said, flushing. He made no answer; words were difficult, and presently he left her. She watched him as he crossed the room—his tall figure dwarfing other men to pigmies—with wistful eyes. There came to her a sudden horror of the future. She was twenty, she might live to be forty—the sky-line of maturity beyond which the mind of youth will not soar; how was she to spend the desert of time that lay between? Year following year would find her increasingly weary and unsatisfied, would find her a soured, embittered woman, a desolate, despairing wife.

Sir Douglas—the man had a knack of well-timed arrival—broke in on her gloomy thoughts. He was overflowing with good spirits, and introduced Barbara to his wife with a pride in the latter's beauty that was refreshing.

Rosalie, grown younger by ten years under the spell of hope that the idol of her heart was in truth a regenerated being, looked radiant in lace and filmy chiffon. She wore a rope of pearls about her neck, and yellow roses in her hair. Peggy was seized with the desire to paint her on the instant. The elder woman took a liking to the little Bohemian—all young things appealed to Rosalie—and commissioned a portrait then and there.

"You're too late, Rosalie." Sir Douglas leant over his wife's chair in his old lover-like fashion. "I was first in the field. Miss Marling undertook your picture to my order a week or two ago."

"You may have commissioned the portrait, but if I refuse to sit the order falls to the ground," Rosalie laughed softly.

"You wouldn't be so unkind—to Miss Marling. Moreover, you can't rise to my terms. I had to promise the lady a big figure, I assure you. If you're very good I'll allow you to buy the picture from me when it's finished. I won't ask extortionate terms. Are you curious to know what I want?" He stooped to pick up her fan—Rosalie invariably scattered her belongings; his hand touched hers. "A small thing for a husband to ask," he whispered—"a kiss!"

He left her blushing like a girl; her heart cried out against the barrier she had set up, for conscience's sake. Again and yet again the treacherous garrison within the citadel strove to betray her, and each time found her weak and less able to withstand the assault. And yet she dared not yield. The sin of blood-guiltiness stood ever between her and the man she loved, crying for vengeance.

Just now Nan was playing to a hushed and appreciative audience. Caught on the wings of the passionate sonata, she had soared far above the troubles of old Mother Earth, and was oblivious of the passing of Hedley and the baronet.

"That girl plays like a professional, or, rather, a genius. What a touch!" Sir Douglas paused and listened; then, in response to an impatient gesture from his companion, passed through the curtains that screened the music-room from a small ante-chamber.

"We shall be able to talk in peace here," said Stuart eagerly. The heavy curtains deadened the sound of the piano; he lit a cigarette with a sigh of relief.

"I hear Stebbing is speculating heavily in Pratolungas," observed Sir Douglas. "It ought to be a good thing for Mrs. Le Patrol if the boom comes. I see she's one of the largest shareholders."

"I wanted to speak to you about this very matter," answered Stuart eagerly, grateful that Blythe should have made the opening easy. "I am trustee for Mrs. Le Patrol under her father's will; technically she cannot deal with the shares except by my consent. I find myself in a difficult position. The lady has given an undertaking to Stebbing to sell her shares for a thousand pounds. She has received and spent the money. What am I to do?"

"You could, of course, dispute the agreement. Mrs. Le Patrol is a minor. But"—the baronet shrugged—"it would be more or less of a *cause célèbre*," he said. "If possible, I should keep the case out of court."

"In other words, you would allow Stebbing to claim the shares, and incidentally to make some hundred thousand profit?"

"That needn't follow. Stebbing is working the market for a rise. There's gold in the property I'm told, and if it were properly managed it could be made into a going concern. It would be easy to let Stebbing load himself up with shares, and then at the critical moment, just when the price is going to boom, to spoil his market. Having smashed Stebbing, we could take over the mine, make things hum, and secure your ward a handsome cheque for pin money."

"You've no love for the Jew," laughed Stuart nervously. "Would you do this?"

Blythe shrugged his shoulders. "He's too insignificant to worry over so far as I'm concerned. I think he has his knife into you, and if you care to act with me I'll do my best to crush him. But"—he paused—"I shouldn't go into the business alone, Stuart," he said quietly.

In effect it was a repetition of the offer of three nights ago. An offer of friendship, comradeship, loyal assistance. Stuart had withstood the bait for himself, despite the fascination the man wielded, despite the conviction that so sweet a woman as Rosalie could not be the wife of a scoundrel such as he had suspected Blythe to be. He had, I say, withstood the offer despite all these considerations. Now, however, he could withstand no longer. The interest of the woman he loved, the woman for whom he would ungrudgingly lay down his life, was concerned. Nan's vehement protests against the alliance were forgotten; Nan herself was put aside, or remembered only as a woman who had failed to keep her word. Her three days of grace had elapsed; the result of her detective work was the Appassionata sonata!

"Does Brettal still bar the way?" The baronet spoke with a tinge of irritation. "Remember the gold bead, Stuart, and beware of circumstantial evidence."

Again the old suspicion, the old doubt flared in his heart. And then of a sudden, by a trick of the imagination, in place of Sir Douglas, Rosalie, gracious, winning, seemed to stand before him, pleading with outstretched hands. He was moved strangely, profoundly.

He stepped forward, with a catch of the breath.

"There's nothing in the way, Sir Douglas," he said simply.

"Then—we're friends?" The older man put his hand caressingly on Stuart's shoulder. "My dear boy," he said, in his most winning voice, "I'm very glad."

Through the curtains the last chords died away. Nan, her hands in her lap, sat silent in the room, empty of all save one or two enthusiasts—music, an excellent accompaniment to conversation from a society point of view, becomes an impertinence when it usurps the place of small talk. Her audience had melted, but she did not miss the conventional applause. Her heart was full of the music, with its message of renunciation and sacrifice of self. Her lips were parted, her eyes aglow with the light of the enthusiast who feels in imagination the flames of martyrdom.

Hedley's voice struck across her vision:

"I feel confident I shall beat him, Sir Douglas, with your promise to help me."

She waited for the answer, her senses suddenly on the alert. Through the curtains sounded soft, silvery tones that sent the blood rushing to her heart and brought her staggering to her feet.

The Jew's warning, that here in Judith's house she would find her enemy, the man who'd ruined her brother, who threatened her lover, hammered on her brain. Her limbs weakened beneath her, her throat grew parched, her heart laboured painfully. She crossed the room, threw back the curtains.

"Stop," she cried in a low, gasping voice; "Hedley, stop! The man who sent Dorham to death is here—*here!*" and she struck at Sir Douglas with her clenched fist.

(Another long instalment next week.)

ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

Binks, who was slightly acquainted with Banks, visited him one day, and together they went for a walk.

Suddenly Binks exclaimed impatiently:

"You look as sour as a pickle. Why don't you smile? Why don't you have a pleasant, good-natured air when you are out of doors?"

"What!" growled Banks. "And have everybody stopping me for a match or asking me how to get somewhere!"

Guide (at museum): "Here you see the waistcoat worn by Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar. The bullet that ended his life went through this hole here."

Nurse (to her charges): "Do you remember, children, how I have warned you against carelessness? If the hole had been mended at the proper time the bullet could not have gone through it, and he would still be alive."

Mrs. Winks: "It's very foolish of you, Mr. Winks. The idea of inviting those gentlemen to dinner, when you knew the house was full of company. Why, it will make thirteen at table!"

Mr. Winks: "Surely, you are not superstitious about that? Having thirteen at table won't worry me in the least."

Mrs. Winks: "Well, it will when you see what a small joint the butcher has sent."

CRIMINALS UNMASKED BY DIARIES.

Diaries, whether real or bogus, are usually dangerous things to introduce into criminal cases. Dangerous, that is to say, to the diarists.

The claimant, Arthur Orton, for instance! He kept a diary in the days when he also kept a bush public-house in the back blocks of Australia, and meditated between drinks on the best way to secure for himself the Tichborne titles and estates. In it, during a momentary fit of aberration, he scribbled the now world-famous words: "Some men has plenty money, and no brains, and some men has plenty brains, and no money; surely, men with plenty money and no brains were made for men with plenty brains and no money."

This diary came into the possession of the prosecution, who obtained it from a friend of Orton's, named Cox, and its production in court sealed his fate.

Neill Cream, again, the professional poisoner of unfortunate women, might have been alive to-day had he not kept a diary. In it the police found, after his arrest, a number of initials; "M. C.," "E. D.," and on one page, opposite the same date, appeared not one set only, but two sets of initials, "A. M.," and "E. S."

These corresponded to the last of his victims, Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell, whom he poisoned with strychnine while taking supper with them in their rooms in Stamford Street, London, on April 11th, 1892. The others were the initials of the victims who had preceded these two, Matilda Clover and Ellen Donworth to wit. And their discovery, and identification, sufficed to hang him; just as the entry, "Strychnine causes death by paralysing the heart's action," in the diary kept by Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, sufficed to bring to the gallows that callous scoundrel.

QUEER FACTS OF HISTORY.

Little Incidents that were not in the *School Books*.

Who was Britannia?

At Lethington Castle, in East Lothian, is a full-length portrait, by Lely, of Frances Theresa Stuart, Duchess of Lennox, the the most admired beauty of the Court of Charles II. It is stated by Grammont that the King caused this lady to be represented as the emblematical figure "Britannia" on the coin of the realm.

The portrait represents a tall woman, with the voluptuous fulness of feature and person which seems, perhaps from the taste of the painters, to characterise the beauties of this reign. She leans upon the base of a pillar, and has an aspect of utmost sweetness.

Her luxuriant hair falls upon her fair, white shoulders and her half-seen bosom. She is magnificently attired in purple, and a profuse robe of green, falling away from her shoulders, comes round her limbs, and draws the purple garment nearer to her figure.

Such is the reputed origin of our "Britannia"; but a figure not unlike that on our copper money is to be met with in the large brass coins of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius.

A King Owes His Throne to the North Wind.

Long had Gustavus Vasa sought to rouse his fellow countrymen, the Swedes, against the infamous Danish tyrant Christian, whose memory will always be linked with that of the "Blood-bath" of Stockholm. But the brave Gustavus found his compatriots cowardly and slow. An outlaw himself, no voice was raised in the assembly in his favour. He called upon the people to fight, but they sat sullen around him.

Suddenly a cold wind rose from the north, and an old countryman cried, "God approves of the designs of Vasa, for a north wind is always a happy presage." These simple words acted like magic. The men flew to arms and prayed Gustavus to lead them against the Danes.

In a few days he had collected an army large and brave enough to give battle to the formidable troops of the King of Denmark. Victory was theirs from the first, and the capture of Stockholm in 1523 placed the crown of Sweden upon Vasa's head.

Wellington's Generosity to Napoleon.

It is recorded that years after Waterloo, when the Iron Duke stood before the tomb of his great enemy at Les Invalides, he said, "Napoleon never was a gentleman."

The great contrast between the two soldiers was never better exemplified than by a strange little incident which occurred at Waterloo.

The Emperor had ridden so far towards the British lines as to be within range of our cannon. The officers in command of the batteries saw Bonaparte surrounded by his brilliant staff and trained the guns upon the group. It was just at this moment that the Duke who had seen the Emperor's approach and observed the act of his gunners, galloped up to the battery and ordered the guns to cease firing.

It was an act of generosity characteristic of Wellington, and it is sad to think that had the positions been reversed the orders to the gunners would have been different.

What England Owes to Pepper.

It is curious to remember that when England's commercial greatness was a-making, her most serious rival was Holland. But the enterprising Dutchmen ruined their chances by their greediness. There was a popular little couplet which ran:

> In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little, and asking too much.

The whole course of English predominance abroad might have been changed if the Dutch had not "asked too much."

In the closing years of the sixteenth century they had a trade monopoly with the East Indies, and they "put up" the price of pepper to such a point that the English consumer "struck."

A meeting of London merchants made one December afternoon a decision, the importance of which to England cannot be exaggerated. It was nothing less than the resolution to form a London East India Company. The petition of these merchants to good Queen Bess was granted in a Royal Charter of Incorporation.

The company, founded at first to establish direct trade communication with the East and lower the price of pepper, soon took to itself larger purposes. Fleets of merchant ships came and went between England and India, and from the quarrel about pepper the corporation of merchants was destined, through Clive and its "Nabobs," to give England a vast empire.

—And said: "I'm grieved my wants should trouble you.—

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

There is no more frequent cause of ill-health than constipation. It loads your system with impurities, tortures you with headache, and lays the foundation of many dangerous diseases. Then why neglect it? Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure you—really cure you—and for this reason. Constipation is due to inaction of your liver. The bile which that organ should secrete is a natural purgative, and if it fails constipation must follow. But, as everybody knows, Mother Seigel's Syrup restores your liver to healthy action, it sets the bile flowing again, and so it cures constipation. This is the natural method and cannot fail.

"When I was quite broken down with pain in the chest after eating, headache, nausea, and the weakness which comes from constipation, I was quite restored to health by Mother Seigel's Syrup, in a way which I regard as wonderful. I still take a dose of the Syrup from time to time, and am spared much misery in consequence."—From Mrs. GILLVINE, 29 Oakfield Road, Anfield, Liverpool, August 29th, 1907.

REALLY CURES CONSTIPATION

AND FREES THE SYSTEM FROM ALL IMPURITIES.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared in Tablet Form and sold under the name of

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP TABLETS.

Price 2/9 per bottle—cash price only.

BOVRIL

repels INFLUENZA

but get BOVRIL, which stands for Beef and Purity. Don't waste your money on so called beef-teas containing YEAST.

VITALOIDS SECOND LIMERICK.

£250 Cash Awards in Ten Prizes of £25 each.

These Prizes are offered by the Proprietors of VITALOIDS, the world-famed Nerve Tonic, for the best line sent in to complete the Limerick printed below.

£25 FOR ABOUT HALF A DOZEN WORDS!

and there is NO ENTRANCE FEE!

The Competition is entirely free to all purchasers of Dr. Alden's Vitaloids. You receive exactly the same size box as you purchase from your chemist for the same amount.

The Competition will close on March 31st, and the result will appear in "Lloyd's" on April 12th. Competitors will greatly assist the judges by sending in their solutions as early as possible.

If you have tried and failed in other Limerick Competitions, that is all the greater reason why you should try again. You will have less competitors to fight against, and Fortune may now be smiling on you.

EVERYBODY NEEDS A NERVE TONIC

at this period of the year to brace them up after the long and dreary winter.

VITALOIDS are PURELY VEGETABLE, containing the life-giving properties of a wonderful tropical plant, which acts directly on the Nerve Centres, charging them with new energy and vigour; building up your strength; bracing up every organ of the body.

The first dose or two of VITALOIDS will make you feel better and brighter. You will be able to get about easier and do your work with less fatigue. You will sleep better at nights, and wake up in the morning feeling refreshed and ready for a good day's work.

INFLUENZA is a disease which attacks and breaks down the system, shattering the Nerves and leaving the victim a complete wreck. After Influenza take VITALOIDS. You will be astonished at the change they will make in your condition. They build up the Nerve Force, producing healthy organs, the symptoms and effects disappear, and the system is fortified against further disease.

ENTRY COUPON.—Cut out and fill up carefully. No. 7.

Address Envelope—Leeds Laboratory Co., Concord Street, Leeds.

Gentlemen,—Please send, post free, one box of Dr. Alden's Vitaloids, for which I enclose P.O. for 1/1½ or 2/9 (strike out that which you do not require).

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

FULL NAME .....

(Please write clearly.) POSTAL ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

All Orders will be executed in rotation.

Here is the unfinished Limerick to which the last line should be added:

The wife of a Captain of Bow,
Grew nervous and fretful and low;
But a message from Lloyd's
Said—"Try VITALOIDS—

The reputation achieved by this Nerve Remedy during the space of five years is almost phenomenal, and may be strikingly illustrated by the fact that our December Orders from one firm of Chemists alone, viz., Boot's Pure Drug Co., Ltd., of Nottingham, amounted to 24,192 Boxes!

VITALOIDS will permanently cure Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Debility, Lack of Energy, Nervous Trembling, Low Spirits, Noises in the Head, Specks before the Eyes, and all other symptoms of Neurasthenia or Nervous Weakness in Men or Women.

BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS FREE.

CONDITIONS.

1. Fill in the last line of the Limerick, and send to us with your order for one 1/1½ box of VITALOIDS, enclosing postal order and stamps, payable to Leeds Laboratory Co.

2. Any number of lines may be sent in on separate sheets of paper, but a further order must accompany each attempt. (An order for a 2/9 box of VITALOIDS will entitle you to send in three solutions.)

3. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its own merits by an expert literary staff.

4. No member of the firm or employee is eligible to compete.

5. All the prizes and consolation gifts will be dispatched within one week of the result being made public.

Here is a list of rhyming words which will help you:—Strew, glow, grow, know, now, flow, row, show, glow, vow, trow.

THE LEEDS LABORATORY CO., Concord Street, LEEDS.

Mrs. SULLY.

Still Well Three Years Later.

Writing to-day, about three years after her cure, Mrs. Sully says:—"I am thankful to state that my cure has been permanent, for I have had no return of the complaint, but have remained in excellent health. I shall always recommend Chas. Forde's Bile Beans."

CONSTIPATION CURED.

"UNTIL Chas. Forde's Bile Beans restored me to complete and lasting health, I was always in the doctors' hands," says Mrs. Alice Sully, of 33 Lion Road, Bedminster, Bristol. "In fact, I was an invalid practically all my life, being subject to constipation. I was always weak and languid, and at last I got to such a state that I did not want to see anything or anyone. I was always in the doctors' hands, even before I was married. I also suffered considerably from indigestion. I could practically eat nothing, and would simply pick at my food. Unless I was tempted by a delicacy I left my meals untouched.

"I paid pounds to the doctors, but got no better. When I had finished a course of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans the constipation was banished. The sickness was gone, and the dreadful pain across my back, which used to follow the taking of food, did not return."

Chas. Forde's Bile Beans, the world's most successful family medicine, are a permanent cure for indigestion, biliousness, liver troubles, constipation, piles, headache, dizziness, palpitation, pimples, bad blood, liver chill, debility, sickness, nausea, female ailments, neuralgia, and are an excellent safeguard against rheumatism, gout, colds, chills, and influenza. Sold only in sealed boxes, of all chemists, or post free from The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 45 New Cross Street, E.C., at 1/1½ and 2/9 (2/9 size contains three times the quantity of the 1/1½ box).

DEBILITY IN SPRING.

"That tired feeling," the direct effect of the wintry enfeebling and so distressing in the Spring, betokens a sluggish liver and tired stomach and bowels. At the first sign of weakness or unusual lassitude; if you feel bilious and drowsy; have unusual headaches; do not enjoy your food; and feel generally irritable and out of sorts, get down your box of "Chas. Forde's Bile Beans," and take one after dinner and another at bed-time. You will soon feel vigorous health returning and be made strong and well.

TRY THEM FREE.

You can have a Free sample box of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans, the family medicine which effected this wonderful cure, by sending this coupon and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage) to the Bile Bean Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

Pearson's Weekly, March 12, 1908.

Chas FORDES BILE BEANS

"NO BETTER FOOD."—*Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc.*

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I liked so well."—Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

Full Result of First Limerick appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" January 16th, 1908.

WINNER of 1st PRIZE—£5 a WEEK for LIFE: Rev. S. Cornish Watkins, The Vicarage, Staunton-on-Arrow.
WINNER of 2nd PRIZE—£2 a WEEK for LIFE: Fleet-Surgeon R. H. Nicholson, R.N., 14 The Parade, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth.
WINNER of 3rd PRIZE—£1 a WEEK for LIFE: Miss Winnie Taylor, Hutton Street, Germiston, Transvaal.

FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE

SECOND LIMERICK

GIVEN BY

THE STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION LTD.,

No matter how small the number of entries received the prizes will be paid in full.

£600 GUARANTEED.

It is not necessary to enter the Limerick Competition to obtain this Book, which will be sent post free to anyone upon receipt of a P.O. for 1/-.

FIRST PRIZE - £200

Second Prize £100, Third Prize £75, Fourth Prize £25,

And 200 CONSOLATION PRIZES of £1 each,

to be awarded by the same independent judges with the same impartiality and the same strict adherence to every rule of fairness and justice for each competitor as characterised their previous Limerick, every line being read and carefully considered.

To guarantee the payment of the above Prizes, the total amount—namely, £600 in Cash—has been lodged by the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation Limited with

SIR H. G. REID, LL.D., J.P., Chairman of Judges' Committee; CHARLES W. GREY, M.A., Vice-Chairman.

The above Prizes will be given to the Competitors who, according to the decision of the Judges, fill in the last line of the Limerick in the best way. No matter how small the number of entries received, the prizes will be paid in full.

THE COMPETITION WILL CLOSE ON MARCH 19, and the names of prize-winners will be advertised in the London Dailies on April 2.

Common sense is all that is required to fill in the line, and the uneducated person is just as likely to succeed as the University Scholar, since all stand an equal chance of winning these Prizes. Therefore you should not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, the first thought being frequently the best, and immediately that you think of a suitable line, send it in to the address given below.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to fill up, cut out, and forward the Coupon together with an order for the new Handbook, "Success," 1908 Edition, and a P.O. for 1s., payable to the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation Limited, 8 Union Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., crossed "and Co." The word "Limerick" must be written on the top of the left-hand corner of the envelope.

Competitors, in addition to trying their skill, will also, by means of this useful book, have one of the best opportunities of obtaining a regular weekly income by the simple method explained therein, which has enabled hundreds of our clients to make large profits, one of whom quite recently received a profit of nearly £400 within fourteen days. This is one of the simplest written books of the day, and, avoiding all technical terms, points out in the plainest way to the reader an assured method of making money.

☞ No member of the firm or employes will be allowed to compete. Any number of solutions may be sent, written on plain paper, and accompanied by either separate P.O.'s or one for the whole amount. It is particularly desired that all solutions be sent in as early as possible, owing to the enormous amount of work entailed.

COUPON.

THE LIMERICK.

All want to make money, they say,
And find a good "tip" that will pay.
If so, let them go
To the firm "in the know."

.....

I enclose 1s. for your Handbook, "Success," 1908 Edition. I agree to abide by your published decision, and to accept it as final, and I enter only on that understanding.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

P.W. 12/3/08. .....

THE STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION LTD., 8 Union Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Here is a list of rhyming words which will help competitors:—Display, dismay, assay, gainsay, bray, dray, tray, clay, fray, gay, flay, jay, hay, slay, lay, stay, may, stray, nay, pay, sway, allay, allay, play, ray, say, way, array, pray, spray, astray, delay, defray, decay, away, belay, betray, inveigh, weigh, relay, neigh.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL.

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Devilled Cod's Roe.

Cut the fresh roe in slices, sprinkle with cayenne pepper, fry in egg and breadcrumbs. Serve on rounds of hot buttered toast spread with anchovy sauce. Garnish each piece with a little parsley in the centre.

Shortbread.

Take one pound of fine dry flour, six ounces of castor sugar, and half a pound of butter. Knead all well together. Roll out, and cut into shapes. Place on a baking tin, and bake slowly. (*Reply to* WILLIAM BLOOMFIELDS.)

Snow Cake.

Cream a quarter of a pound of butter with a quarter of a pound of castor sugar; add a well-beaten egg; then sift in gradually half a pound of potato flour, add a little grated lemon rind, and beat for ten minutes. Bake in a flat buttered tin for three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven. This cake should not be allowed to get brown.

Potato Puffs.

Boil one pound of potatoes, pass them through a wire sieve, mix well in two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, a little baking powder and enough water to make it into a stiff paste. Roll this out and cut into rounds, place a little well-flavoured minced beef in the centre of each, roll them up into a ball, and fry to a golden brown in boiling deep fat.

Sausage Pudding.

One pound of sausages steeped in boiling water to remove their skins. Make a suet crust, and line a pudding basin with it. Place on the crust the sausage meat, any scraps of cold meat you have, an onion chopped small, a few sage leaves, also chopped, pepper and salt, some stock, and mushroom ketchup to moisten the whole. Cover the pudding with suet crust, and boil in a floured cloth for three hours.

Dry Curry.

Chop up an onion, a piece of green ginger, a chillie, and fry until browned. The meat to be used, either cooked or uncooked, should be cut very small. Make a paste of equal quantities of cardamon, coriander, saffron, chillie. Give all a stir together, add a small quantity of cocoanut milk, and by very slow cooking allow the meat to become tender. This dish when done should be quite dry. Sprinkle some finely shredded fried onions over and serve with rice. (*Reply to* HARWOOD.)

A Breast of Mutton.

If carefully cooked in this way, is a very good joint, and we all know that it is not an expensive one. Tie the meat in a thin cloth, and simmer gently, allowing ten minutes for every pound of meat. Take it out of the cloth, place in the oven, cover with melted dripping, and baste constantly. Ten minutes before serving, dust it thickly with crumbs, place a few bits of dripping on it, and brown. Serve with thick gravy, and garnish with slices of carrots and bits of broccoli, or, indeed, with any vegetable in season.

Lemon Solid.

Put the thinly pared rinds of three lemons in a basin. Pour on them a pint of boiling water. Let these stand for an hour. Squeeze the juice of four lemons into another basin, beat up the yolks of five eggs, mix into the lemon juice a tablespoonful of cornflour, now put a breakfastcupful of loaf sugar into a stewpan, strain into it the water in which the lemon rind has been soaking, add the lemon juice and eggs. Stir the mixture over the fire till it thickens, but do not allow it to boil or it will curdle. This will make a large mould. (*Reply to* CASTELLAIN.)

Stewed Celery

Is evidently what you need. Trim and cut to the same length a number of heads of celery, split them in two lengthwise, tie in bundles with thread, and parboil for a quarter of an hour in salted water. Drain them carefully, place in a clean saucepan, add an onion, a blade of mace, pepper and salt to taste. Add enough stock to cover the contents and cook gently till the celery is tender. Take away the string, arrange the celery neatly on a dish; take some of the stock in which it has been stewed, remove all fat from it, thicken with a little butter and flour, pour over the celery, and serve. (*Reply to* SAMBO.)

BANISH THAT TIRED FEELING.

ARE you one of the women who say: "I am perfectly well, only I get tired easily?" If you do, you are one of thousands. And yet, don't you know that getting tired easily is just of itself a disease? It shows a letting down of the vital forces that requires attention and toning up.

You need, first of all, more rest, not necessarily more hours of sleep at nights, but little half hours of rest snatched here and there in your hours of work. And by rest isn't meant simply the physical rest that comes from lying down. Don't lie down to think over your plans for economy, or for entertaining, or for anything else.

When you lie down to rest shut your eyes and stop thinking. Ten minutes of this is better than an hour of the other. Then you need more food probably. Not more food at meals necessarily, but food taken oftener.

Instead of waiting until luncheon take a cup of beef tea during the forenoon. In the afternoon take a glass of milk and a biscuit, if that agrees with you. And then get a little fresh air every day. And get it in the exercise of walking if you can.

AVOID THE GIRL

WHO shirks her share of work.
Who never sees anything to do.
Who tries to steal another girl's lover.
Who tells tales about her companions.
Who gets into debt to buy finery for herself.
Who never speaks of anything but men.
Who has a score of lovers all at once.
Who is always pretending to be better than everyone else.
Who seldom speaks the truth.
Who is unkind to children.
Who never denies herself anything.
Who is never on good terms with her sisters.
Who says one thing and does another.
Who speaks slightingly of her parents.
Who would marry the first man who asked her, no matter what his character was like.

THE GIRL WHO IS CARELESS.

SHE enters your room like a small whirlwind, and never, by any possibility, thinks of closing the door after her, either coming or going. She seats herself with the calm certainty of being welcome, and is utterly oblivious of the fact that you are at work and want to be quiet.

"This is a pretty thing," she says, taking up a paper-weight from a pile of neatly-copied letters which an impertinent breeze a moment later scatters widely about the room, carrying several of the fluttering pages far out of the window.

"How awkward! You shouldn't have left it so," she says reproachfully. If you are very polite and have great control over your feelings, you refrain from reminding her that she was the cause of the trouble. But if you do call her attention to this fact, she remarks carelessly, "Was I?"

Having done all the mischief that she possibly could do, she complacently shakes out her skirts and departs, mentally apostrophising you as cross and stupid, and thanking her lucky stars that she is not like you.

Oh, this ever ubiquitous, careless girl! May she mend her ways, as well as the mischief she does, so that her days will be short in the land, and the coming generation know her not!

£2,750 FOR BEST LAST LINES.

Few competitions have been more popular than the rhyming contests so much in vogue at present. One of the most fascinating of these is "JINGLES," founded by "HOME NOTES," the popular ladies paper. Handsome cash prizes are awarded weekly, and nearly £2,750 has already been distributed. We have made arrangements by which readers of "Pearson's Weekly" may enter for the "Jingle" in this week's "HOME NOTES."

Below you will find the first five lines of a Jingle. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. The last word of this line should rhyme with the last word of the third line. (See example.) When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to HOME NOTES, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Jingle No. 26" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Wednesday, March 11th.

EXAMPLE.

Jack and Jill
Walked up the hill
Until they reached the crown,
Trudged all the way,
Then, sad to say,
Their car had broken down.

The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number must be written in the space provided. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form.

The prizes will be awarded under the conditions published in this week's HOME NOTES, in which paper the result will appear.

ENTRY FORM. JINGLE No. 26.

Mrs. Cotes
She wanted votes,
So was a Suffragette;
But while she spoke,
The platform broke

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Home Notes," and to accept it as final, and enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in this week's "Home Notes."

Name ....

Address ....

....

No of P.O. ....

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Hot Water

Is a greater medical factor than many believe, or know. For instance, half a pint of hot water, just as hot as it is possible to drink, taken just before rising in the morning will ease obstinate cases of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by the medical profession. (*Reply to* BLANCHE.)

For an Ironing Stand.

Instead of using the common implement made of iron, which admits the air through the bottom and consequently cools the iron quickly, try my suggestion. Take a clean white brick, set it on the stove for half an hour before using as a stand for the iron. This keeps the iron hot a long time and retards radiation.

This Recipe for Fire Lighters

Will, I trust, suit you. To every pound of resin allow three ounces of tallow. Melt it, and when hot stir in pine sawdust to make it very thick. Sprinkle dry sawdust on a board, and spread on it the mixture while yet hot, about an inch thick. When cold, break into lumps about two inches square. (*Reply to* FLUFFY.)

To Restore Fur.

I have just been told of a Russian method of restoring lustre to fur. Dwellers in that cold clime wear fur so much that I think their advice cannot fail to be good. Heat some rye flour as hot as you can bear your hand in it; lay this on the fur, let it stand for a quarter of an hour, then shake or brush it out. The fur will be thoroughly cleaned after this process. (*Reply to* BLANTYRE.)

To Dress a Hare Skin.

As soon as the skin is taken off slit it open from head to tail and stretch it out flat on a board securing it with a few tin-tacks to keep it in shape. Dissolve a good teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of alum in about a wine-glassful of water. Moisten the skin thoroughly. When dry apply a fresh solution of alum and salt. Repeat this process three or four times. When the skin is dry for the last time, remove the tacks and work the skin well with the hands to soften it. If there are several skins and you wish to sew them together cut the skin with a knife at the back, so that the edges be straight. (*Reply to* BLACKBURN GIRL.)

Many "So-called" Remedies — But Food Alone Really Helped.

No drugs can possibly cure digestive trouble. The body can manufacture its wonderful digestive juices only out of actual food, and Grape-Nuts is partially pre-digested food from which the body can easily make the juices needed for the digestion of ordinary foods. Thus Grape-Nuts cures indigestion permanently by encouraging the organs to perform their normal healthy functions.

A North Devon lady confirms this as follows:

"For several years I suffered tortures from dyspepsia with all its attendant horrors—sleeplessness, nervous irritability, great depression, etc. About six years ago my health entirely broke down, my nerves were completely shattered, and my life became a continual misery. Doctors did me no lasting good, nor did any of the 'so-called' remedies I was persuaded to try. Twice last year I was obliged to keep my bed, once for seven weeks, and again for five weeks.

"But for the last two months I have regularly taken your ideal food, Grape-Nuts, and am most thankful to say that I am at last safely on the Road to Wellville. The acute pain and the sleeplessness have gone. I have been able to discontinue the use of drugs and stimulants of every kind. Your delicious drink, Postum Food Coffee, has taken the place of tea, which I knew was doing me harm, but I thought impossible to give up. If every sufferer from dyspepsia would only give Grape-Nuts and Postum a fair trial, I am sure they would be equally delighted with the result."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Grape-Nuts breakfast food is now protected by a moisture-proof paper which preserves the crisp freshness just as it comes from the factory ovens. Accept only packets thus protected. We take back the old ones from the grocers.

Just out. Grape-Nuts Biscuits and Wafers.

PENKNIFE PAGE

£500 a Year for Life.

AT the moment of writing the large staff set apart for the purpose is busy scrutinising the attempts in this competition. The number of entries was so enormous, and the work of systematically and carefully checking each individual solution is so laborious, that it is quite impossible to give any definite date when the result will appear. Competitors may rest assured that no effort is being spared to arrive at the result in the earliest possible time.

P. W. Below Ground.

WHEN I suggested in a recent paragraph that it would be interesting to know how far *P.W.* had penetrated below the surface of the earth, I little imagined what a number of replies I should receive. As far as I can gather, *P.W.* seems to be as much a recognised part of a miner's equipment as his pick or his dinner. In letter after letter the writer tells me how the cerise-coloured one helps to light up the intervals in the black work of providing food for the world's fires. If one may judge by the tone of these letters, miners seem to be a singularly cheery-hearted lot, and I am much obliged to all those who have so kindly written telling me how they enjoy their weekly paper far removed from the scenes and sights of every-day life. Several of my correspondents unfortunately forget to state the exact depth to which *P.W.* has accompanied them; but amongst those that do, the place of honour must be awarded to H. C., who took down his supper in a copy over 2,400 feet from the pit-mouth. J. P. comes in a good second, as he tells me he has eagerly pored over Limerick results "at a depth of 750 yards." Under these circumstances there would certainly be some excuse for feeling depressed at not winning.

"Catching a Tartar."

JUBM wants to know who was the first person to catch a Tartar, why he caught him, and what he did with him when he got him. In other words, he seeks enlightenment as to the origin of the expression.——As far as I know, JUBM, the phrase is taken from a story told by Grose, the English antiquary. In one of his books he narrates how an Irish soldier, while engaged in a battle against the Turks, was observed by one of his companions to be occupied in a spirited bout of catch-as-catch-can with a gigantic member of the opposition. "What are you doing, Pat?" called out the looker-on. "Begorra! I've caught a Tartar," shouted back the panting Irishman. "Bring him along, then," said his mate. "But he won't come," answered Pat. "Then come yourself," replied the comrade. "Arrah! thin," answered Pat, "I wish I could, but he won't let me." From this delightful little dialogue, so considerately preserved for us by Mr. Grose, sprung the modern meaning of the phrase. The name Tartar is generally applied to the Mongol-Turks. It is derived from Tartarus, an old name for the infernal regions, and was probably invented by our ancestors to express their opinion that the Turks were no gentlemen.

Natalie's Sister.

NATALIE has a twin sister, concerning whom she is much distressed. Although this sister is the most cheerful and lovable girl, she has an overpowering aversion to young men. "To an old gentleman," says NATALIE, "she will be as kind and gentle as a daughter, but when a young man draws near, she is like an iceberg. I have spoken to her about it, but her only reply was: 'Ugh! I don't want young men. You stick to your Steve—he seems all right, but I think he is the only one.' Even when she goes out, she won't allow anyone to see her home—says they are a nuisance. Steve says she will meet her master one day, and then all will be well. She had a young man once, about five years ago, but he proved false to her, and ever since then she has been like this."——Well, it is rather a shock, NATALIE, to find that someone to whom you have given your love is quite unworthy of it. Of course, it is foolish to jump to the conclusion that, therefore, every young man is an unprincipled scoundrel; but where the affections are concerned, we are all apt to be a trifle illogical. Probably, the prophecy somewhat crudely expressed by Steve is right, and, in the course of time, your sister will meet some other man, who will persuade her to take a kinder and more sensible view of the opposite sex. Meanwhile, as she seems quite "sensible," I shouldn't worry about her little peculiarity. It won't hurt some of the young men to find out that their fascinations are not irresistible.

Now, Ladies!

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that, as it is Leap Year, I should offer a prize for the best imaginary letter written by a lady proposing for a gentleman's hand. This is quite a good idea. I will give a pair of scissors to each of the senders of the twenty-five letters I consider the best, brightest, and most appropriate to the occasion. The letters must not exceed a hundred words in length, and must reach the office on or before March 17th. Address your envelopes to "The Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and write "Leap Year" in the top left-hand corner. There is sure to be keen competition amongst the younger members of the staff for the position of judge, but I shall reserve this privilege for myself. In the enjoyment of reading so many charming confessions of affection, I shall hope for a while to forget my grey hairs.

Cleared!

"YOUR article on 'Stealing Radium,'" writes W. F. R., "is a calumny which can only be wiped out by your sending me a pocket-knife. The radium was not stolen, but was overlooked among the apparatus lying about, and the professor pointed this out next day, but evidently too late to catch up the mis-statement."——Having unwittingly been the cause of casting an unjust aspersion upon the second city of the Empire, W. F. R., permit me to atone for it in the manner you suggest. I think, under the circumstances, instead of keeping the pen-knife, you should present it to the Town Council for the general use of the citizens. I can but plead that the fault was not intentional, for the professor's contradiction of his story only reached us after the paper was in print. Here are my apologies to the flourishing seaport, and a pen-knife to one of its citizens.

A Glasgow professor once hinted,
With his radium someone had sprinted,
But he found, when he looked,
He was badly mistooked,
So I'm sorry the story I printed.

Forty Winks in the Water.

A. M. H. is anxious to know whether fishes ever go to sleep. "I have heard several answers to this question," she writes, "and they all differ. Some say that the salmon is the only fish that sleeps, and others that fish cannot sleep, because they have no eyelids. Perhaps they are like a great many human beings, and daydream with their eyes open."——It is curious that your friends should have pitched upon the salmon, A. M. H., for, according to the best authorities, this is the only fish, with the exception of the gold-fish and the pike, which does not indulge in an occasional nap. Aristotle, who looked into this matter as far back as 320 B.C., gave it as his opinion that all fishes slept; but Mr. Coates, who is more probably correct, makes an exception in the case of the three I mentioned. Like many of the ragged gentlemen, who decorate our public parks in the summer time, fish can sleep just as well in the day as in the night. The amount of sleep they require, however, is very small. Sleep is merely the rest of a tired brain and, as fishes do not go in for Limericks or other intellectual pursuits of a fatiguing nature, they are able to keep awake much longer than mere human beings. I do not think they are given either to dreaming or snoring, but if I am wrong, there must occasionally be exciting times in the ocean. Fancy a shark with a bad attack of nightmare, or a couple of whales starting up a duet on the nasal organ!

Bamboo or Baccy.

"APROPOS of your recent article on 'The Bamboo and its Story,'" writes D. S., "I am sure that in common with myself many of your readers must have spotted one omission as to its use. Who in his time has not smoked a piece of his schoolmaster's cane, and bamboo is a species of cane. I know of an epidemic of mumps amongst boys of six to ten, said to be the result of cane-smoking. It brings jaundice, too; but the first few puffs are very sweet and much nicer than brown paper."——I must humbly acknowledge, D. S., that I was so deficient in enterprise as a small boy that I never indulged in the experiment you mention. Plain, ordinary, uninteresting tobacco was what I started on, and, although, as far as I remember, it made me very ill, I cannot lay claim to such thrilling after-results as mumps and jaundice. I certainly can recall one epidemic we had at school in connection with smoking, the chief symptom of the disease being a curious inability to sit on a hard form with any degree of comfort; but this was due to an exterior and not an interior application of cane. Possibly a small boy's enjoyment of cane-smoking is due less to the sweetness of the first few puffs than to the grim pleasure of burning his ancient hereditary foe. But even this felicity would be too dearly purchased for my taste with a combined attack of mumps and jaundice.

Exciting Essex.

LIFE down in Essex seems to be a most thrilling and romantic affair, if one may judge by the letter of D. M. C. "You were dealing with the danger to pedestrians from motor traffic some time ago," she writes, "but there is another menace, to which I should like to draw attention. I have to go to school daily on the outskirts of a country town in Essex, and on Market Day (Friday) all sorts of ferocious animals are allowed to be driven along the highways, sometimes in charge only of small boys. Girls and nervous people have to vault over a gate or into the nearest shop until they have passed."——I sympathise with you in your dilemma, D. M. C., for, to be compelled to face a ferocious animal, or else vault into the nearest shop (provided there is not a gate handy), is, indeed, a difficult choice. You must run up quite a heavy bill in plate-glass windows during the course of the year. As you do not tell me what the ferocious animals consist of, it is difficult to offer you advice. If they are sheep, however, I should recommend you putting a bold front on it. Despite their savage aspect, these animals seldom attack human beings unless they are provoked. Pigs, of course, are another matter; but I have heard that the mystic word "Chicago!" delivered with the right intonation will cause the boldest of them to blanch. In the case of cows, I think, joking apart, that you are quite wise to give them a wide berth, and that such animals ought not to be allowed on the public road in the charge of a small boy. It is enough to annoy any self-respecting animal.

Some Hints for Assassins.

"I READ in your paper the other day," writes AMAZED, "that the anarchists were about to issue a daily journal. Can you tell me if this is a fact? Would the Governments of the various countries permit a publication advocating anarchy and murder to be spread about without interfering? Also can you tell me what is to be the name of this paper, and what its contents are likely to consist of."——I remember the statement you refer to, AMAZED, but I am afraid I do not know any more about the subject. I presume that the title will be an appropriate one—something nice and picturesque, like the MORNING EXPLOSION or the DAILY DYNAMITE. As far as its contents are concerned, I should think it would probably copy its less explosive contemporaries with regard to its main features. A leading article on "Should Princes be Poisoned?" will most likely be followed by a signed column of reminiscences entitled, "Kings I Have Killed," by the eminent M. Staban Shootski. A bright, humorous column under the heading of "Stray Bullets" would, no doubt, be popular; while for a serial I should imagine some such thrilling masterpiece as "Butchervitch, the Bomb-Bunger," would be vastly appreciated. A competition, offering a prize for the largest number of policemen wiped out of existence by any one reader during the week, might also be included. As to whether this interesting sheet will be allowed free play by the various Governments is a question which only time can solve. Personally, I shouldn't care to have shares in it.

Living Signs.

"HAVING read your article on Tavern signs," says G. T. V., "I thought you might be interested to hear about the 'living sign' at the Beehive Inn, Grantham, Lincs. Perched in the branch of a tree in front of the doorway is a beehive full of bees, and on the sign-board is this quaint verse:

"Stop, traveller, this wondrous sign explore,
And say when thou hast scanned it o'er and o'er:
Grantham! two rarities now are thine—
A lofty steeple and a living sign."

——"A gift for a gift," G. T. V., as Mr. Kipling remarks in one of his poems. You have been kind enough to tell me about one living sign; I will return your courtesy with an anecdote of another. The historic pavilion of Henry IV., which stood formerly at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, boasted at one time what was probably the strangest sign ever borne by an inn. This was nothing more or less than a live eagle. The pavilion was kept by Collinet, who was, at the time, the world's greatest *chef*. So perfect were his woodcock pies and other luxuries that they attracted to his house the whole French world of fashion and a brilliant galaxy of literary celebrities. Amongst these latter was the great novelist, Alexandre Dumas, who lived at the neighbouring château of Monte Cristo. Reckless and extravagant to the last degree, he used to send daily for his cutlets to Collinet, who allowed the bill to run on until it reached £1,000. When the latter gently suggested a settlement, he received in return a live eagle from Dumas, accompanied by a letter expressing the author's regret at being unable to pay, and suggesting that Collinet should recoup himself by exhibiting the eagle. This proposal Collinet adopted, and for many years the eagle proved an additional attraction for his house.

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Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

My Nicest Compliment.

When Famous People Felt Flattered.

SILAS HOCKING.

(Most people, if asked which author's books had the largest sale, would answer those of Miss Marie Corelli or Mr. Hall Caine. But they would be wrong. Mr. Silas Hocking enjoys the largest aggregate sales of any British author.)

FEAR I couldn't say. Compliments don't come my way. A child once told me I was not nearly so nice as she expected I would be. I wonder if that was one!

And recently a letter reached me from the interior of India asking for my autograph. Perhaps that was one. But really there is no copy in this. To repeat a compliment sounds egotistical.

Miss BEATRICE TERRY.

(The charming actress. A member, of course, of the great Terry family.)

I THINK the greatest (unconscious) compliment I ever had paid me was in America.

I was touring in the States with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, playing my original part of the child in *The Man from Blankley's*. One of the American papers in noticing the play said: "Gwendoline Tidmarsh was very badly played by Miss Beatrice Terry. She was too natural, as she made one feel that she was not acting, but was in her own drawing-room at home amongst her mother's guests."

LYN HARDING.

(A powerful actor, who has won many successes at His Majesty's Theatre.)

THE greatest compliment ever paid me was when my wife accepted me.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

(The brilliant illustrator of "Peter Pan," and many other children's books.)

PLEASE do not think I am trying to "get a rise" out of you, but as I have never succeeded in painting a bunch of grapes sufficiently realistically to tempt a sparrow to peck at them, which, I take it, is the stock "greatest compliment" that artists are in the habit of receiving, I really think I have felt most complimented when, under unfavourable circumstances, I have presented a fly in such a skilful manner that a respectable trout has taken it.

EDWARD COMPTON.

(The eminent exponent of Shakespeare and other classical rôles. A great favourite throughout the United Kingdom.)

PERHAPS the greatest compliment I ever received was from a lady who was presented by the management of one of the large provincial theatres with a private box, but next day anonymously sent me the money for the box, saying that "such a performance was far too good to go and see with an order."

J. S. FLETCHER.

(An admirable writer, whose stories of Yorkshire country life have won him many faithful readers.)

UNDOUBTEDLY, the greatest compliment ever paid to me was in a letter signed "An Old Maid," which was sent to me at some period of the ten years—1890-1900—during which I contributed sketches and stories of rural life to the LEEDS MERCURY, under my pseudonym, "A Son of the Soil."

The writer described her own hard-working monotonous life as an ill-paid dressmaker during the week, year in and year out, spoke of the impossibility of having a holiday in the country which she loved, and said that "the one bright spot in her weekly round" was the reading of my article to some friends with whom she took tea every Sunday afternoon. She said that *that* brought back to her and them "the sight and sound and smell of the soil," and helped them through their next six days' work.

I should not object to become a millionaire, nor to be raised to the peerage, but I think I value that letter as I should the possession of a million of money, or a seat in the House of Lords.

A. E. W. MASON, M.P.

(In the front rank of modern novelists.)

YOU ask me to tell you about my nicest compliment? You make me blush!

FRANK SHORT, A.R.A.

(One of the greatest etchers of the day. Holder of two gold medals from Paris for engraving.)

I HAVE no idea. Possibly the fact of your making this request.

WATKIN MILLS.

(The popular baritone.)

PERHAPS the greatest (unconscious) compliment that I have ever received was paid to me at a dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians at the Whitehall Rooms some four or five years ago.

I had sung a fine song, by Jonathan Battishill (composed in the year 1764), in which are some very long "runs." Upon the conclusion of the air several members gathered round me, and inquired how I got such a long breath, whereupon a well-known London musician and professor of singing exclaimed: "When and how does he breath? He breathes once a year, and that is on his holiday!"

THE WRECKERS OF THE THAMES.

THE case heard at a London police-court the other day, in which it appeared that a barge loaded with £9,000 worth of tea had been cut adrift from the Colonial Wharf, Wapping, serves to call attention to the enormous wealth that is daily upborne on the bosom of Father Thames by these clumsy craft.

Silks and furs, spices and ointments, bales and crates crammed with the plumage of rare tropical birds, tobaccos and cigars, brandy and wines, dates from Arabia, and coffee from Ceylon—these constitute but a few among the costly things they contain.

The temptation to cut the barges adrift for the sake of the salvage money is, as Mr. Cranstoun, the prosecuting solicitor in the case mentioned above, pointed out, frequently irresistible. But the "wreckers" of the Thames, who undertake these kind of jobs, do not always reap the reward they anticipate.

The enforced payment of a heavy fine, capped by substantial costs, for example, was all that the man achieved who cut the painter that held the lighter of the barge with £9,000 worth of tea on board. In another case that came up for hearing recently, the "wrecker," it transpired, had fared even worse. He was carried out into the Thames estuary and drowned, the barge being sunk by the North Sea rollers, together with a cargo of silk that was officially estimated as being worth no less than £16,500.

But, after all, the great cutter adrift of the moored barge is the ice. This is the champion "wrecker." The drifting floes not only sever the ropes with their sharp edges, but, by piling up against stem or stern, as the case may be, with the flow of the tide, exert a pressure that no hawser can withstand.

In this way, in one single night during the great frost of 1894-5, were more than a thousand barges set adrift on the river, their value, with their cargoes, being computed at over one million sterling.

MARGARET (to young brother, coaxingly): "Oh, Willie, are you an angel?"

WILLIE: "Not if what you want me to fetch is upstairs."

Oatine Makes Lovely Complexions.

The Oatine Girl.

THERE'S no barrier against beauty if you will only use Oatine.

Oatine is a face cream—free from all animal fats and chemical adulterants—made only from the purest essence crushed out of the finest oats. You can tell the soothing, healing, delicate quality of Oatine immediately you apply it to your skin. It is the ideal face-cream, because it cleans and clears the pores of all dust and grime which soap and water cannot reach.

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QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

READY TO OBLIGE.

At a dance in a certain city, a visitor to the place got into conversation with an elderly gentleman.

Presently the younger man said, pointing to a lady across the room, who was smiling pleasantly in his direction:

"I wonder if that ugly woman is actually trying to flirt with me?"

"I don't know," the elderly gentleman answered mildly, "but I can easily ascertain for you. She's my wife."

Magistrate (to witness): "You say you have known the prisoner all your life?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

Magistrate: "Now, in your opinion, do you think he could be guilty of stealing this money?"

Witness: "How much was it?"

Some time ago an office boy, answering the telephone for the first time in his life, and not knowing how to use it, was told that, when the bell rang, he was to answer it.

When, therefore, he heard it ring, he picked up the receiver and shouted: "Hello! Who's there?"

The answer came back: "I'm one hundred and five."

"Go on," said the boy. "It's time you were dead."

READY TO RISK IT.

Dinner was a little late, so a guest asked the hostess to play something. Seating herself at the piano, the lady executed a very classical composition with precision. She finished, and there was still an interval of waiting to be bridged.

In the silence she turned to an old gentleman, who was sitting near the piano, and said, "Would you like a sonata before dinner?"

He gave a start of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, yes, thanks," he said. "I had a couple on my way here, but I think I could take another."

Looking up from his magazine, an Essex farmer said vehemently to his wife one night:

"Do you know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?"

"Yes," the woman answered. "You'd have settled down in Corsica, and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times."

A certain young man had been severely scolded for his hasty speech, and was told that he must think three times before he spoke. One day his father was standing on the hearth with his back towards the fire, and the young man, who was by his side, said:

"Father, I think—father, I do think—father, I think, I do think, your coat is on fire."

WELL AGAIN.

A Scottish tradesman stepped into a barber's shop the other day, and, whilst he was being shaved, the barber was wondering if this was a new customer.

"Have you ever been here for a shave before?" asked the barber.

"Yes, once," was the reply.

"But I do not remember your face, sir."

"Weel, I dare say ye don't," said the customer, "ye see, it's a' healed up noo."

Conceited Golfer (to his Caddie): "Did you tell the club secretary that I went round the course in forty-five yesterday?"

Caddie: "I did, sir."

Golfer: "And what did he say?"

Caddie: "He said, 'Accidents will happen.'"

The house-surgeon of a big hospital was startled one morning recently by the request of a young girl patient for an extra allowance of butter.

"But why, pray?" he demanded, "don't you get sufficient?"

"Well, sir," she explained, "you see, my sweetheart is coming to see me to-day, and I want my hair to look nice."

GOT 'EM.

It was a grand party given by one of the noted gentlemen of the city, and most of the guests were men. There was a woman, however, to be seen here and there.

At one of the tables there were a number of young men discussing the problem, "Are Most Women Vain?" Of course, most of the men agreed that they were.

A young woman was sitting at this table, and she listened to the conversation as long as she could stand it. At last things got too much for her, and she arose, and politely said:

"You all agree that most women are vain, but what if I tell you that the handsomest man sitting at this table has forgotten to put on his necktie?"

Immediately all the men put their hands up to their necks, and then she asked, as she left the room: "Are women the only creatures in this world who are vain?"

SURE ENOUGH.

A busy merchant, who had not taken a holiday for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed many outings, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for Scotland.

When he had been gone a day he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

"Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once. "Maria."

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

"What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's; stay there with them till I join you, and don't worry. "Frank."

They are telling a story of a London comedian, who jumped into a hansom in the Strand the other day. He was in a hurry, and the pace was very slow, owing to a block in the traffic.

"I say, cabby," he shouted, with his head out of the window, "are we going to a funeral?"

"No, sir," was the quick response, "an' we ain't goin' ter no bloomin' fire, neither."

A little girl had been allowed by her mother to visit the minister's family and stay for dinner. After the preacher had finished asking a blessing the child said: "That isn't the way my papa asks a blessing."

"And how does your papa ask a blessing?" inquired the minister.

"Why, he just says: 'Good Heavens! what a meal!'"

FORCE OF HABIT.

Traveller (in a railway carriage to fellow passenger): "Sir, what do you mean? This is the third time you have put out my match."

Fellow Traveller: "Force of habit. I'm a member of a volunteer fire brigade."

"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I'll cut you off without a penny, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot."

"Well," said the young man, "Grace before meat." And he immediately went in search of a minister.

Bandsman Stronglungs mopped his brow as the band ceased playing "Faust." He had been pressed to take up the "circular bass" in the depôt band in an emergency.

"Phew!" he grunted. "That's hot work. What's the next piece?"

"Why, that selection of coon songs," said the solo cornet wearily.

Stronglungs stared. "What?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper. "I've—I've just played that!"

NO DIFFERENCE.

"Pennyworth of cobbler's wax, please, sir!" said the tiny boy, as he stretched his hand to a level with the counter.

"Wouldn't shoemaker's wax do as well?" asked the facetious shopman.

"Don't know," replied the small boy; "but I'll ask pa."

Five minutes later he was back again, with the announcement that shoemaker's wax would do all right. The shopman grinned.

"And did your pa tell you what the difference was?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the little boy. "He said there's the same difference as between you and a donkey."

Though small, the child was intelligent, and he made a record sprint for the door.

TO MAKE SURE.

A man walked into a grocer's shop, and handed to the assistant a paper containing some white powder.

"I say," he asked, "what do you think that is? Just taste it, and tell me your opinion."

The grocer smelled it, then touched it with his tongue.

"Well, I should say that was soda."

"That's just what I say," was the triumphant reply. "But my wife said it was rat poison. You might try it again to make sure."

Teacher (giving lesson on "Bees"): "We have now learned about the working bees and the drones, but there is still another bee in every hive. This bee does no work, but is waited on by all the others. They are very kind to it, bring food to it, provide for all its wants, and pay it every attention. Can any boy or girl tell me what it is called?"

Little Girl (after long pause): "Please, mum, the lodger."

THOUGHT IT FLIPPANT.

The brave ship was wallowing in the waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment. Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares to be brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited a number of them, in the hope that they would be seen and the passengers and crew rescued.

Amid the rockets' red glare a tall, thin, austere individual found his way with difficulty to the rail and spoke to the captain.

"Captain," said he, "I protest against this dare-devilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a firework display."

"Why do so many of you go round playing together?" the schoolboy asked the leader of the German band.

"It vas safer," was the thoughtful reply of the music-loving foreigner.

Tommy: "Hallo, Jimmy, where are you going to in such a hurry?"

Jimmy: "I'm going home."

Tommy: "Something good going on there?"

Jimmy: "Well, ma's going to spank me."

Tommy (in surprise): "But why are you in such a hurry?"

Jimmy: "Because if I don't get home at once pa will be in, and he'll do it."

SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Jim was the village ne'er-do-well; always in some scrape or other, nothing daunted by repeated thrashings administered to him by his father. At the age of fourteen he ran away to sea, but was glad enough to return home again at the end of six months, having had a very rough time of it.

On the second day after his return, he was walking, or, rather, limping, through the village when he met the parson, who stopped him.

"Well, Jim," said the minister, "glad to see you've come back home. Did your father kill the 'fatted calf?'"

"No, sir," replied Jim, "but he very nearly killed the prodigal son."

"Didn't she pass, then?" was a question put to a woman, whose daughter had entered for an examination.

"No," replied the mother, sorrowfully. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, sir, but them examiners asked the poor girl about things that happened years and years before she was born."

"Mr. Schirk," said his wife's mother, sternly, "Mary tells me that you won't help her at all; that you won't hold the baby even for a moment."

"That ain't so," replied Schirk. "Why, I held it for quite a long time last evening."

"Indeed! How long?"

"Why, long enough for her to go down into the cellar an' get a scuttle o' coal."

Teacher: "The word 'anonymous' means without a name. Now, which little boy can give me a sentence showing the correct use of the word?"

Sammy: "Our new baby is anonymous!"

WORSE THAN THE REVOLUTION.

"The internal condition of Fair France during that memorable Revolution," exclaimed the lecturer, in his peroration, "quite beggars description. To convey to the mind an adequate idea of the chaos, the desolation, then prevailing is, I submit, a physical impossibility. There is hardly a parallel that one can point to, for——"

"Oh, yes, there is, mister," interrupted a voice from the back, near the doorway, "and you can come and see it for yourself."

"My dear sir," remarked the lecturer, "I'm afraid you are taking on a greater responsibility—a much more serious task—than you imagine in trying to find a parallel to the French Revolution."

"Not at all, mister; not at all. Come and see it for yourself. We're spring cleaning up at our house!"

But Mr. Brown he paid no heed, he hurried on with frantic speed.——

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The House with a Hundred Eyes

How "Smith's Folly" Renewed the Happiness of Two People.

By A. HYLTON ALLEN.

"THE man's a fool, and crazy," said Mrs. Joseph Watts. She was a good-hearted lady, but too proud of being rich to be altogether lovable.

"He's not half a bad fellow, my dear," said Joseph Watts, Esq., J.P., Sheriff of the county, who had made a vast fortune from an original capital of half-a-crown. Sometimes he told you about it.

"That there gentleman be a caution," said the village. "But he be a tidy fine veller, I reckon," said the wise man of the village. The nightly council in the White Hart agreed.

And the man they criticised was the man they called Fool Smith. He came suddenly into Brenton—tall and dark and thin—and just below the cross-roads he started to build himself a house.

The house it was which first gave him his name; for it grew and grew before astonished Brenton, wing and wing and centre building, and four grey towers rising, till it was more of a castle than a house, and you might have thought Smith was about to entertain the Court. The Grange (wherein dwelt Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watts—that would be altered soon, for Parliament and a knighthood were plain on the road of wealthy John) had held pride of place in all the county; but Smith's house altered that, and it was the first cause of enmity of the lady Watts.

For all its size, it was very beautiful, with its grey towers for a splendid landmark, its wide and curving drive. At last it was finished—"Smith's Folly," said Brenton, and the stranger had its name. What did one man want with such a place as that?

But the total of Smith's madness was not reckoned till the last workman had left Smith's Folly. That night every window was clear with light, and over a hundred eyes looked warmly on the country, firm, and steady, and unwinking. No noise or sign of movement in the giant house. Only those hundred live and staring eyes—till twelve, when they died suddenly and together, and a single light in one of the towers kept sentry for the house.

The next night it was the same, and every night. Smith's Folly was known in three counties; but not the man himself.

He was good friends with the village people, that was all. Built a club, gave prizes at the flower show, and unlatched the little gates to their doors as if he was one of themselves. There was no sociability about Fool Smith; and that was another sore point with the lady Watts, who, possessing three very nice daughters, had dreamed of a wedding when first the stranger came.

He called fairly often, looked with polite unobservance on the three daughters, and got on very well with Sheriff Joseph, Esq., J.P. But he was "different" somehow, and that was exceedingly irritating to richly-clothed Mrs. Watts, who always seemed to rustle, even when sitting perfectly still.

She was vaguely resentful of Smith and all his works. Smith had, without effort, usurped her top place in the village scheme; her rule was swept away by the village curiosity in Smith, and by the many gifts he made to the people. At night she could not get away from those hundred lighted eyes.

Also, though this she would have stoutly denied, she shared the village curiosity in the matter of Smith, and knew that there was small hope of its being satisfied. For good-natured Joseph had no diplomacy, and Fool Smith was as close as any oyster shell in the presence of a woman. She had tried often. . . . Mrs. Watts was very much annoyed.

"If the truth could be known," said Mrs. Watts, "I expect the man has committed some great wrong, and has come down here to hide."

But red-faced Joseph laughed till the room seemed to shake. "Hide!" said he. "A fine way to hide, with his place like a giant incandescent light of nights."

"We shall know some day." His lady departed in a stiff and rustling anger. "At any rate, there's no occasion for you to sneer at me!"

Joseph, well snubbed, went for a walk on the hills with crazy and silent Smith. On the way back, they called on Widow Bates, who was Fool Smith's special charity.

Widow Bates had lost all her savings in the McCormick Building Society swindle twelve years back, and had lived by outdoor relief—and not too much of that—till Smith came along and set her up in a little cottage of her own and put her beyond want, with a fine feeling of easy days till the end should come.

So if you said anything against Fool Smith, Widow Bates would scratch you with bitter speech till you cried out apologies. For this reason she was a thorn to the lady Watts, who had once suffered a bad half hour—applied by Widow Bates's capable tongue—when the usurped empress of the Grange had hinted things against Smith.

"Wonder you never married, Smith," said Watts, as they left the cottage, after Widow Bates had pursued them with blessings to the gate. "Why didn't you, my boy?"

He laughed. Sheriff Joseph laughed at everything—even when he was telling you of his hard struggles with that original half-a-crown.

"I might marry yet, you know," said Fool Smith, a little wistful. "Do I look very old?"

"Nothing to speak of. A bit tired, though," said Watts critically. "And who would the lady be?"

"She'd have dark hair. She'd be tired too, I think—I've not seen her for so long. She'd walk just as serenely, though, and she would be very kind to people . . . to Widow Bates, for instance; and she couldn't pass a child in the gutter without kissing it. You don't know her, do you?"

"There is one, then." The Sheriff was exultant—this was a real wonder, to get the Mystery to talk like this. "Why don't you send for her, my boy? Sounds like one of those love stories my girls are always reading."

"I would if I knew where she was. She might come along some day—the world's just full of miracles."

"That's a poor chance, I'm afraid."

"But she might see my lights, you know," said Fool Smith. And it was the first time anybody in Brenton had heard him laugh. It was the gentle laugh a man might have in a dream of rose gardens at the end of a stormy road.

The sheriff stopped in amazement. "So that's the idea," he cried. "Smith, you beat me!"

"It is foolish, isn't it," said Fool Smith.

Watts told something of this to his wife.

"Pack of nonsense!" said the lady Watts. "Now you mark my words, Joseph. . . .

But there were far too many of them to write.

* * * * *

Now these are the things that happened in Brenton, just as Mrs. Watts's irritation re Smith was becoming a serious illness. A strange lady called on the Widow Bates and, after listening in patience to the usual list of her ailments, asked a few questions, and presented Widow Bates with a ten-pound note.

Widow Bates, who was a lover of romance, was full of it when next Fool Smith came. But into Smith's mind came the beginning of a dream, and the old lady was surprised at his vehemence.

"What was she like? Her name? Tell me exactly what she said," he demanded.

His swift questions reduced Widow Bates to helplessness, and she could say nothing except that the mysterious stranger was tidy, nice, and very sweet speaking, and wore a dark veil.

Smith departed raging. A yellow motor shot by him in which sat the sheriff and his lady. Joseph shouted cheerily; his lady sat stiffly, and did not so much as bow.

For she had made a great discovery. In the days before the Grange was built—when Joseph, in fact, was laying its foundation with six healthy grocers' shops in a London suburb—her weekly literature had been the SUNDAY MORNING, a paper which gathered up and spread out for its eager readers all the crimes of the week, decorating them with vivid pictures of the criminals. Searching for a lost letter, she had come across half a dozen old numbers, and that night she swept into Joseph's study with one of them.

She spread it open before him, at a page which recorded the great McCormick Building Society frauds, and gave an account of the trial of Richard McCormick, the promoter, and his sentence to seven years' penal servitude.

"There's your man Smith," said she, her finger on a bearded picture of McCormick.

"Nonsense," said Joseph.

"You're to go to-morrow night and ask him straight out, anyway," returned she. "Or, I'll go and do it myself, if you're afraid."

This was worse and worse, for Joseph was a gentleman, if a rough one, and liked Fool Smith.

"It explains everything," she went on. "Read that description—tall, thin, stooping—and then think of your friend Smith with a beard. It explains everything—and it's just what I told you, too. That's why he has provided for Widow Bates—all her husband's savings were lost in the McCormick Society. The man's a viper."

"Come, come, my dear," said Joseph, in his softest voice.

"There's no occasion to contradict me," said Mrs. Watts, irrelevantly. "I'll not rest till he's denied it. Either you go to-morrow or I. Which is it to be?"

"It's ridiculous, but I'll ask him if you wish it." He resolved merely to chaff Smith on his resemblance to McCormick, the man who had been seven years in prison.

Disturbing incidents heaped up outrageously, for the next morning a lucky motor accident introduced the sheriff and his wife to a real lady—Lady Barras, who was staying at the Crown Hotel for a few days. Her red car struck work on the road five miles from the village; the yellow car rendered sisterly help and towed it back to the hotel. The widow of Lord Barras accepted an invitation to lunch and the use of the yellow car till her own should recover.

Mrs. Watts was in the eighth heaven. It was the first time she had ever entertained a Lady.

And she knew that Lord Barras had once been merely an industrial magnate, even as aspiring as Joseph. First a knighthood, then a peerage—an easy road. Lady Barras had been out of England for a long time, but many years ago she had lived in Brenton, and had returned, for sentimental reasons, in search of the old feeling of delight in the smooth green hills. She had not secured it, and her stay would be short; she was a gentle lady, but rather sad.

She stayed after lunch, and was still at The Grange when the winter evening came sharp and cold to Brenton, under a pure and scornful moon. Her curiosity was awakened by hearing of the house with the hundred lights. Joseph had hoped for a postponement of his unpleasant errand; but his lady would not be denied, and packed him off. All little roads of action, laid down by the chance of the other lady's coming to Brenton, were leading to a miracle before the night was out.

So Joseph left The Grange, well overcoated against the cold, wondering for the thousandth time at the strange ways of women. His wife had been so positive, that he, himself, for the first time, was conscious of some interest in the mystery.

In one of the lighted rooms, the man they called Fool Smith sat Joseph down before a red fire, and gave him a good cigar. And after half an hour of comfort, Sheriff Joseph, burdened by his foolish errand, was very ill at ease.

"You say I'm queer," said Smith; "what of you, then, Watts? You're like a cat on hot bricks to-night. Sit down and keep still, and be glad there's a fire going, and the cold world locked out."

But Joseph wandered up and down the room as one who could find no rest, and took another cigar—that brought no comfort. "Sit down, man," said Smith, again. "What's got you to-night? If you've come round for a loan, or something, get it out."

And Smith looked at him keenly from the depths of a broad and cosy chair. He had not studied men for nothing.

"I've got an unholy and silly question to ask you, Smith," said Joseph. "It's my wife's question really—women are so queer."

"Your wife dislikes me exceedingly, I'm afraid," said Smith. "What is it, man?"

"Well, yesterday," limped Joseph, "she actually got it into her head—you're a sore mystery to her, you know—that you were McCormick, the man who got seven years for the big building society smash—she came across an old paper, you know. I told her it was ridiculous."

Fool Smith did not move. "I am he," he said coolly, "or, rather, I was."

Sheriff Watts fell into a chair, like a man whose world had suddenly tumbled in.

"Is that all your dear wife wants to know," said Smith. "I'd let you know the whole story; but I'm only telling *that* to one, and she's a lady. At least, I'd tell it to a whole crowd, if she was hearing it too."

"But, Smith——" stammered Joseph. This calm acceptance of a thing he had believed impossible had put his mind upside down.

"Yes; that's my name, now," Fool Smith cut in. "By the way," he went on, a little bitterly, "what is your wife going to do about it—bring out a special edition of the local paper with the awful news? Or"—his slow voice was like a knife—"does she want me to have another seven years. I've not exactly polluted the countryside, as far as I know; and the money for this"—his hands moved, indicating the pictures, the warmth, the whole complete temple of the hundred lights—"came from work and good luck—after the prison gates had opened and thrown me broken on the earth. I laughed sometimes. It seemed as if the gods were bent on making atonement for the cruelty of that seven years' torture."

Now Fool Smith was opening his heart, in a measure, and Joseph sat bewildered and incapable, and could not speak.

"What does she want to do? I can't wait. I think I'll go up and ask her—now."

He lifted his long body from the chair, chose a cigar, and lit it as if nothing at all had happened. He turned to the other man. "Won't you come too?" he said. "I may want a witness." From his voice, ordinary and even, he might have been saying "Good morning."

And the sheriff found his voice. Now he thought Fool Smith mad indeed, and foresaw a mad scene, and perhaps a tragedy. And Smith had become his friend. He knew that now, when a Fear clutched at his kind, rough heart and made him think oddly of tears.

"Leave it till to-morrow, old man," he said. "I'll see that my wife keeps it to herself. Don't go now, there is somebody with her—a Lady Barras!"

"What!" cried Fool Smith. The cigar dropped from his fingers and spluttered into sparks on the carpet, and he gripped Joseph's shoulder so that now, for certain, the sheriff knew the mystery man was mad. "Say that again, man. Lady Barras!"

"The same. What's on you now!" cried the sheriff.

"Nothing but sheer joy," said Fool Smith, and laughed splendidly. His tired face had changed; he looked like a boy on the brink of a holiday. "How did you meet her?"

"Her car broke down, and she came to lunch with us, and stayed," said the sheriff.

"I praise all motor-cars," cried Smith. "Come on, Watts. You're a good sort. Will you walk with McCormick, the swindler, to hear his explanation—to your wife, if need be? Now, though by another chance, I am justified of my hundred lights."

Held with mystery, still dazed, the sheriff followed meekly. Fool Smith had snatched up a huge tweed cap, but troubled for no coat; and at the door the keen night air met them like a cold bath. But Fool Smith felt no cold, although the sheriff had turned the collar of his fur coat high about his neck. The gravel of the drive sounded crisply beneath their feet, and the sheriff was vastly out of breath with the thin madman's striding.

At the gates of the drive an engine throbbed against the night; a pair of Bleriot lamps threw a clean, hard radiance on the road, and the thin voice of the sheriff's wife shrilled from behind the light. Eager to entertain Lady Barras, she had brought her down to see Smith's Folly, and the foolish shining of it. Lady Barras had driven the car.

And all the crowd behind him said: "We think old Brown is off his head."——

Now gaunt Fool Smith was within the light, and Mrs. Watts drew herself up straightly at the sight of him. But somebody beside her, huddled in grey furs, stirred quickly, and leant forward, a white faced lady of the night. The light reflected from the white park wall showed dimly her dark hair.

"Rachel!" cried Fool Smith. And now he was beside the car. There were two people who lived in the dreams of a thousand nights, while the sheriff of a county and his puzzled wife looked on.

"I'm Richard McCormick," said the man by the car. His voice was so soft and beautiful that suddenly Mrs. Watts felt it did not matter if he had carried out half a dozen swindles. "And—Rachel—the house has been lit for you so long. Won't you speak to me?"

I do not think that she could; but after a minute there was just a low word breathed upon the darkness—"Dick"—and perhaps that was enough. It was enough, at any rate, for Fool Smith's voice to again sound softly on the night, holding spellbound his audience of three.

"There's just a little story for you, Rachel. It has been waiting for you alone, but now these good people"—he touched the sheriff on the shoulder and bowed to Mrs. Watts in the car—"had better hear it, for I'm McCormick, the robber, the gaol man, outside the wheel of respectable things."

"Don't. . . . Please don't," said the lady in the furs, there seemed to be tears in her voice.

"But I did go to gaol, you know," said Fool Smith, steady and even. "That's all quite true.

"But Robert Watson was the thief, Rachel. He used my name and my friends to run his Building Society, and let me know nothing till the smash came. He robbed me, too, Rachel—he tore my heart with that theft—he took you. For he came the night before the crash, and told me you loved him. I was the patient lover then, and had never dared to speak; I am a stronger man now. He said it would break your heart when you knew, and I offered to take his burden and stand for his wrongdoing.

"He was a liar as well as a thief; for he told me he had only committed technical faults, and that the money had gone through no fault of his own. He lied, but I believed he was my friend. So we sat up till the dawn came, making out fresh papers that tied my name to all the dirty business he had been at.

"My last free dawn it was, for that night I was in prison. And as they questioned me through the long days of the trial I knew, little by little, what a black-hearted liar he was. I could say nothing, and his silence pushed me into seven years of torture. Watson went on scheming, and got money, and more money—he became Sir Robert Watson, and then Lord Barras. And—he married you. Why did you do it, Rachel? I don't think you could have loved him."

The lady in the furs was sobbing.

"I was a coward and weak," she cried, "and very lonely, and . . . I thought you did not care for me at all. He lied to me, too; but I afterwards knew. And then it was blackness for me, as well as for you. I'm a wicked woman, Dick; I was glad when he died. Don't go on like that, Dick; you torture me. What are you going to say? You make me suffer seven years again. Oh, they were not good years for me either. I was very wicked to marry him. Let me get out of your sight."

Lady Barras cried silently. Mrs. Watts' hand reached out till it met hers—one woman, kind at heart for all her pride and foolishness, making to comfort another in the distress of bitter memory. And Fool Smith went on:

"I never blamed you. I came from prison; they had nearly broken me, but not quite. I am not the man you knew twelve years ago. Watson had become Sir Robert, and then Lord Barras; now Lord Barras, the rogue, was dead; and you, I could not find."

"I ran away from things," sobbed the woman.

"So I said I would make money first. And I made it; everything came my way. The gods turned and smiled because I took no notice of them. I was just Smith then—a new man, though a broken one. Then there was some miracle with copper in America, and, suddenly, I was rich—as rich as Liar Watson. But I could not quite forget my torture."

"Don't. What are you going to say to me?"

"I love you still," said Fool Smith. And the lady in furs was with peace at last, and could not stop her tears.

"I came back to England and built this house. I could not find you; but I knew you loved Surrey, and some day you would visit it, if only for a day. We have walked together in the lanes round here. And every night I kept all the lights burning, so that if you came and I did not hear of it, you would ask questions, and they would tell you a fool lived here. Then you would be curious, I thought, and find me out at last. Every night the lights have shone out—the watchful eyes of the fool's house. You have come. We're not yet done, Rachel; there are quite a lot of happy years in front."

Now he stood close by the car, and she thrilled with gladness as she took his hand. Joseph felt that he ought to say some breezy and jovial remark. But, somehow, he did not.

"You can make my peace with Mrs. Watts, too, Rachel. She has been naturally suspicious of a foolish chap like me; but you say you, yourself, knew about Watson, so you can tell her my story's true. So we're still friends, Mrs. Watts, aren't we?"

But Mrs. Watts, also, could not speak. And Fool Smith said:

"This is rather a special night, I think. Won't all you people come up to the house, and I'll get you a very special supper. I'm sure you all want it, after I've plagued you with my yarn."

He waited a minute. "Then you'll have to come over to see me to-morrow, Rachel; and we'll fix a date for the wedding."

In a minute the big car was moving supperwards, to the house of the hundred lights.

And Fool Smith, stripped of mystery, laughed softly to himself, as he huddled more closely to the lady of the furs.

ENGLISH FOOTBALLERS IN SCOTLAND.

Players who have Reversed the Usual Order of Things.

TIME was when Scottish football managers would as soon have gone to Jericho as to England for their players; but times have changed considerably, and we now find a good few English players in Scottish teams at the present day.

Many will no doubt remember the great furore in League circles in Scotland when Dundee, the first club in Scotland to sign an Englishman, signed on Jack Hillman, of Burnley. Prejudice was rife, and many wild words were uttered against the policy of the directors of the club. That was during the close season. The grumblers had great cause to change their tune, however, ere the playing season was three weeks old, for Hillman soon showed his worth.

He played many fine games for the club, and it was much regretted, both in football and cricket circles, when he saw fit to change his quarters.

Then Celtic got Welford from Aston Villa, and 3rd Lanark signed on Banks. These three players may be said to have been the pioneers of English professionalism in Scotland.

Some time elapsed before any others of note were enticed across the border, then we find Dundee again at it. This time it was Frank Lloyd, a noted flier from Aston Villa. Lloyd, however, never seemed to take kindly to Scottish football, and it was not long ere he returned to his native heath.

Dundee have evidently always been thoroughly imbued with the playing abilities of Englishmen, for they again fixed on one for goal. In Howes, who came from the far south, they got a regular second edition of Hillman; he was a great, powerful fellow of huge proportions, and left a good impression on Tayside.

Again, there have been some notable Englishmen who have stayed nearly all their lives, and have certainly learned all their football in Scotland. Chief among these are Conlin, who played for Albion Rovers before going to Bradford City. The latter club was reputed to have received £1,000 from Manchester City for his transfer. Also Robertson, the Greenock Morton's soldier goalkeeper, who made a great name for himself last season by his brilliant saving.

Then we have Jack Simpson, the Falkirk's demon scorer, who, although a native of England, has long been resident in Scotland, and learned all he knows about football there. At the present moment he is a much sought after man, most of the first division English clubs being after him. Chelsea are said to have offered £1,500 for his transfer, but Falkirk, though none too well off, were not doing business, even at that figure.

The Heart of Midlothian Club have been to the fore recently with well-known southerners, having four on their list last season, namely, Yates, Tomlinson, Wombwell, and latterly Cox, whom they got from Dundee. Cox is a brother of Liverpool's great International, Jack Cox. Evidently, the Englishmen did not take well with the Hearts, for this season they only retained Tomlinson, the others being allowed to seek pastures new.

Hibernians did a good stroke of business when they fixed up with Harker, of Crystal Palace. He is well repaying his new masters for the expense of securing him.

Of all Scottish clubs, however, none have been more successful in securing class Englishmen than Dundee. Whether it is that they have some special talent for spotting, or luck, or what, is not generally known, but, truth to tell, at the present moment they have a quintette of Englishmen who may be classed in the highest flight of present-day footballers.

To Herbert Dainty, Albert Lee, and Neal, half-backs, Charlie Webb and Alf. Dean, forwards, Dundee are a very great deal indebted for their present proud position in the Scottish League. These players have, to a large extent, helped the club to reach their most enviable position in Scottish football to-day.

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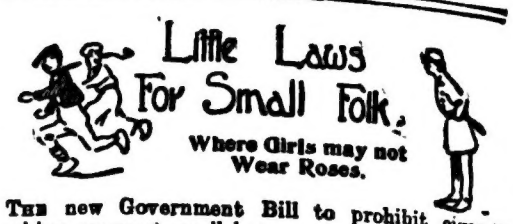

Where Girls may not Wear Roses.

THE new Government Bill to prohibit cigarette smoking amongst small boys runs along precisely the same lines as enactments to that effect which are already in force in many parts of the Continent, as well as in a considerable section of the United States of America.

Moreover, in many American municipalities, it is not alone in the matter of the cigarette that the juvenile liberty is curtailed. In some places, notably New Orleans and Greenville, Mississippi, he is forbidden by law from buying fruit at certain seasons of the year. And in at least one town of considerable importance, Lincoln, Nebraska, to wit, he is not allowed to purchase sweetmeats otherwise than by deputy. In other words, he must be accompanied by parent or guardian if he wants a few lollipops.

To Lincoln, too, belongs the distinction of having first introduced the "children's curfew," now rung regularly in more than 500 towns and cities from Maine to California. The bells are sounded at dusk, after which no child under the age of fifteen is allowed to be out in the streets alone.

NO LOVE-MAKING IN PUBLIC.

It all sounds very strange to British ears; yet the system is said to work well, and to give excellent results as regards checking juvenile depravity. Employers, too, speak well of it, as also do teachers. What the children's opinion is has not so far been placed on record.

It is not, however, in America alone that a curfew law for children is in force. A similar practice prevails at Szegedin, in Hungary, and in many of the smaller towns and villages of the surrounding district.

In some cases, too, not only are the children officially sent to bed by bell, but they are also roused in the morning in the same way.

Berlin forbids boys and girls under seventeen from sweethearting in public, and the courtship of couples of immature age is also sternly repressed in many French communes. Vienna long ago passed a law putting a stop to the employment of very young children as street sellers and hawkers of newspapers; and her example has since been followed by more than a score of other large cities, including, at all events, at least one English borough—Liverpool.

Bulgaria has on its statute-book a law making it a penal offence for girls to wear roses in their hair. This because of the destruction wrought in the rose-gardens which supply the world with the extremely valuable attar. The Prince of Monaco, more solicitous apparently for the morals of his own people than for those of other nations, caused an enactment to be passed recently which forbade the sale in the Principality of the pretty little toy roulette tables, familiar to all old frequenters of Monte Carlo, on the ground that their possession encouraged gambling amongst his juvenile subjects.

JUVENILE MUSICIANS BARRED.

In most Italian cities and towns it is illegal for children to play musical instruments in the streets for gain, a fact which may possibly account for the extreme vileness of the so-called music these self-same children are permitted to inflict upon us over here. Both Russia and Spain have considered it necessary to enact ordinances prohibiting the attendance at political meetings of children under the age of sixteen, even when accompanied by their parents.

A curious old Breton law makes it a penal offence for a little Breton boy to kill a robin, or for a little Breton girl not to pay proper "homage" when passing by one of the wayside "Calvaries" that everywhere abound. By Maltese law no girl under sixteen may wear a hat, if her parents object to her so doing. She must don the "faldette," a curious, ugly contrivance something like a nun's hood.

A recent, and most salutary Sicilian law forbids absolutely the employment of children in the sulphur mines with which some parts of the island abound.

Taking it all round, the British Parliament has not been prolific of legislation for children of the kind indicated above. Still, there are some precedents for Mr. Herbert Samuel's measure.

The "Child Messenger Bill," for instance. By it, as most people are aware, young people under fourteen are forbidden to be served in public-houses with intoxicants, unless these are in sealed vessels. This measure became law in 1901, and, although it was strongly denounced at the time in certain quarters, it has worked smoothly and well.

Then, too, there was the "Brickyard Bill" of 1871, which prohibited the employment in brickfields of girls under sixteen, a highly salutary and much-needed reform; the "Canal Boats Act" designed to put a stop to the then prevalent practice of employing very young children in driving horses along the towing-path; and the "Temporary Dwellings Act," which aimed at ameliorating the hard lot of the children—estimated at the time to number over 30,000—employed in caravans and travelling shows.

(Continued from page One.)

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Law, H. W., Balham, S.W.
Leckie, Miss F., Lyndhurst.
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Lee, Miss L., Manchester.
Leonard, J. H., W. Kensington.
Lewis, E. M., Herne Hill, S.E.
Long, M., Islington.
Loveday, J. W., Aberdare.
London, E. F., Edinburgh.
[illegible], W., Somerset.
Lynch, Miss E., Kingstown, Ire.
Lynn, R. T., [illegible]

M

MacBean, J., Springburn, Gl'w.
McArdle, W., Shawlands Cross, Gl'w.
McColl, W., Ayr, N.B.
[illegible], Mrs. C. M. L., Hull.
[illegible], G., Muswell Hill Rd., N.
[illegible], D., Birkdale, Lancs.
[illegible], F., Fitzroy St., W.
[illegible], G. A., Worcester.
McLean, J., Kilmarnock, N.B.
[illegible], Miss S., Belfast.
[illegible], Miss T., Kingstown, Ire.
[illegible], A. J., Dublin.
[illegible], C. J. R., Ilfracombe.
[illegible], A. D., Rugby.
Marshall, Mrs., Littlehampton.
May, Miss E., Maida Vale, W.
May, J., Wimborne, Dorset.
[illegible], J., Rutherglen, N.B.
[illegible], C. G., Tralee, Ire.
[illegible], E., S'thwell, Notts.
[illegible], A., Brixton Hill, S.W.
[illegible], C., Dorchester.
[illegible], W., Fulham, S.W.
[illegible], Mrs., Whiteinch, Gl'w.
[illegible], D., jnr., Ayr, N.B.
[illegible], Russell Sq., W.C.
[illegible], J. W., Woodville.
[illegible], Miss, Liverpool.
[illegible], J., Dublin.
[illegible], Miss C., Portsmouth.
[illegible], F., Harrow.

N

[illegible], J. G., Leith, N.B.
[illegible], E. W., Erdington, B'ham.
[illegible], Miss, Paignton.
[illegible], H. W., Custom House, E.
[illegible], W., Little Missenden.
[illegible], A. J., Martley Hill [illegible]

O

O'Callaghan, J., Cork.
O'Dell, I., Albert Embankm't, S.E.
O'Reilly, J. S., Chester.

P

[illegible], A., Chorlton-c.-Hardy, M'ter.
[illegible], G. W., Tottenham.
[illegible], W. R., Stapleford.
[illegible], F., Prestwich, M'ter.
[illegible], M. R., Roath, C'diff.
[illegible], H., Custom House, E.
[illegible], W. L., Fulham, S.W.
[illegible], M., Darlaston.
[illegible], W., Southampton.
[illegible], Miss M., Walton-on-Naze.
[illegible], S., Luton, Beds.
[illegible], E., Oxford.
[illegible], E. M., Southampton.
[illegible], T. P., Sunderland.
[illegible], F. J., Old Charlton, S.E.
[illegible], Mrs., Farley.
[illegible], E., Thornton Heath.
[illegible], W. R. G., Darwen.
[illegible], A., Sunderland.
[illegible], H. W., Fakenham.
[illegible], F. C., Leicester.

Q

[illegible], Miss M. L., Jersey.

R

Rawlins, S., Stoke-on-Trent.
Rea, G., E. Greenwich, S.E.
Read, H. G., Edinburgh.
Redding, F., Chiswick, W.
Richards, F., Okehampton.
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Rossiter, Mrs., Barbourne, Wor.
[illegible], C. W., Bedale, Yks.
[illegible], J. W., Southend-on-Sea.
Ruddlesden, A., Bath.

S

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Schmidt, Miss H. C., Handsworth, Birmingham.
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Sharp, M. L., Long Eaton.
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Sinclair, M., Brentford.
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Stephenson, J. L., Ranelagh, Dub.
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Stevens, F. W., Leicester.
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Sumner, Mrs. L., Finchley, N.
Symington, C. H., Boston.
Sympson, J., Wood Green, N.

T

Tapp, A., Bath.
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Taylor, L., Rowley Regis.
Taylor, T. A., Birmingham.
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Thompson, Sgt.-Maj., Hampstead, N.W.
Thomson, A., Shettleston, Gl'w.
Thomson, Miss C., Leith, N.B.
Thomson, Miss K., Ravenscourt Pk., W.
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Todd, M., Margate.
Tomlin, H., Spondon, Derby.
[illegible], Miss J., Gravesend.
Trimming, H., Admiralty, S.W.
Trotter, J. J., Leith, N.B.
Turner, J., Plumstead.

U

Underhill, H., Denmark Hill, S.E.
Underhill, R. G., Nuneaton.

V

Valentine, W. A., So. Ealing.
Varley, M., Glasshouse St.
Vergette, Nurse, St. Bart.'s, E.C.
Vesco, L., Edinburgh.
Vigor, A. G., Ashford, Kent.
Vincent, F. E., Putney, S.W.

W

Walker, F. W., Partick, Gl'w.
Walker, W. J., Gravesend.
Walker, L., Gomersal, L'ds.
Walker, Miss, York Rd., S.E.
Ward, B. H., Birmingham.
Warner, Miss A., Regent St., W.
Warrington, H., Rathmines, Dub.
Watmough, W. H., Plymouth.
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Webb, F. J., Redditch.
Wedlock, W. H., Barrow-in-Fur.
Wells, F., Streatham, S.W.
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Whetton, C. W., Hull.
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White, L., Birmingham.
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Whittaker, J., Bradford.
Whyman, W., Skelton-in-Cleveland.
[illegible], W. H., Portsmouth.
Wilks, F. A., Stechford, B'ham.
Williams, H. O., Whitehall Pk., N.
Williams, T., New Southgate.
Wilson, A., Lower Edmonton, N.
Wilson, T., Calton, Gl'w.
Wilson, W. H., Tutbury, Staffs.
Winsor, T. L., Tavistock.
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Woodard, J., Hampstead, N.W.
Woods, C. J., Anerley, S.E.
Wright, Miss A., Fairford, Glos.
Wright, A., St. Albans, Herts.
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Good Friday . . April 17.	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	Mar. 6 — 6.45
Easter Monday . April 20.	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	„ 7 — 6.47
Whitsun Monday . June 8.	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	„ 8 — 6.49
Bank Holiday . . August 3.	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	„ 9 — 6.51
Christmas Day December 25.	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	„ 10 — [illegible]
Boxing Day . December 26.	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29	„ 11 — [illegible]
	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	„ 12 — 6.56

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1st *Prize*, 100 *Guineas*

2nd *Prize*, 50 *Guineas*

100 PRIZES, ONE GUINEA EACH

will be awarded to the competitors sending in the largest number of LIPTON Tea wrappers on **April 14th next.** The awards will be announced and cheques sent to the successful competitors on **May 14th** and the judge's decision must be accepted as final.

To small consumers who think themselves unable to save a sufficiently large number of wrappers to win one of the above prizes

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS

will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the largest number of LIPTON wrappers collected from friends and acquaintances, with the names and addresses of the people from whom these wrappers have been obtained. If you think you cannot obtain a number of LIPTON wrappers large enough to win the First Prize, compete for this SPECIAL PRIZE. Ask a friend to buy a packet of Liptons Tea and give you the wrapper. The names and addresses must be written on sheets of foolscap in the handwriting of the people from whom the wrappers are obtained, and the number of wrappers enclosed must be written clearly on top left-hand corner of the first sheet.

Please observe carefully the following simple conditions:

1. On April 14th send your wrappers, in one parcel, to LIPTONS Wrapper Competition, 35 Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.

2. Name and address, and number of wrappers sent must be clearly written on paper, and enclosed in the parcel.

3. Wrappers intended for the special prize must have the words "Special Prize" written in the left-hand top corner of the parcel, and names and addresses of the people from whom wrappers have been obtained—written by themselves on sheets of foolscap provided by the competitor—must be enclosed in same parcel.

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